# The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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## JEALOUS WOMAN SEEKS REVENGE.

**With Tooth and Nail She Attacks Her Rival.**

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ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

BERT VARKER (Old Kent Road).—Bob Fitzsimmons fought Jack Dempsey at New Orleans, 13rds; Peter Maher at New York, 3rds, New Orleans, 12rds, and Langtry, Texas, 1rd; James J. Corbett at Carson City, Nevada, 14rds. It is not in his record.

HARRY NORRIS (Tooting).—1. A. Randall, of Battersea, was an amateur light-weight, who won the amateur light-weight championship in 1895. C. L. Townsend was a middle-weight who won the middle-weight amateur championship of that year, therefore they were not in the same class. 2. He has never boxed the man you mention in a contest for money.

A CONSTANT READER.—The lady's age is what she looks, and although we know her have never asked her the question.

J. ROTHFIELD.—1. 14rds at 8st 10lb for £280. 2. At the Standard Theatre, Gateshead.

F. R. BAKER.—1. The first time was May 28 at the N.S.C., and the second meeting occurred on November 12. 2. Each scored a win.

K. V.—1. "Kid" McCoy beat Peter Maher and Joe Choynski on January 1 and January 12. 2. No.

ALEC REED.—Ben Jordan won in 4rds.

G. W. S.—J. A. Llewellyn was the winner.

RATTLE.—Copper is a legal tender up to 1s. only.

F. HILTON.—The first Derby was won by Diomed.

G. CALEY.—1. On November 17, 1869. 2. Yes.

F. DERBY.—1. Deerfoot first ran in England in September, 1861. 2. Yes, by J. White.

H. MITCHELL.—The price was 16 to 1.

S. DUDLEY.—1. The leading sire is St. Simon. 2. Last year, £65,230.

R. D. V.—1. Joe Gans beat Griffo in ten rounds. 2. July 10, 1900.

J. DOWSETT.—Jem Williams won in nine rounds.

T. F.—1. S. H. Fry is the amateur champion. 2. At the N.S.C.

A. L. M.—A Yorkshire terrier should weigh between 5 and 6lb.

J. H. BEVAN (Vernon Hotel, Briton Ferry, South Wales).—We cannot forward you the address of the owners of "Lady of Mardy." Perhaps they may see this and write.

T. Z.—121 miles 385 yards without a seat.

C. O. D.—From the year 1719.

F. CARTER.—The ring usually 16ft, but on that occasion it was enlarged to 24ft.

H. E. SHEPHERD.—1. He is a professional. 2. About one hour's practice daily.

C. WHITMAN.—George Dixon won in six rounds.

DAN.—Tom Sayers' arm was not broken in his fight with Heenan.

L. C.—The objection was raised, but not sustained.

C. FRANKLIN.—4oz gloves were used.

G. DAWSON.—His weight is 9st 21b.

F. BANNER.—1. The match was abandoned. 2. No forfeit.

C. C.—At the N.S.C., eleven rounds.

T. W. THOMAS.—In South Africa.

H. WAYNE.—1. Dumb-bells open the chest and strengthen the muscles of the arm. The best time for using them is after rising in the morning. Begin with 1lb dumb-bells. The other muscles of the body are developed by walking, running, swimming, skipping, rope exercise, &c. 2. Dumb-bell exercise will not interfere with the proper working of the other muscles.

J. HOLT.—Three sixes and a nine count twelve.

*(Several Answers crowded out).*

# BIDDING FOR THE "HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP."

## JERRY DRISCOLL AND DICK BURGE.

## MATCH TO GO NORTH.

## THE BIG MEN OF THE LAST CENTURY (PUGILISTIC) AND THE BIG MEN (BOXING) OF THIS.

## THE ROBERTS v. WILL CURLEY MATCH—ITS DISSECTION.

THE North of England has had rather more than its share of boxing this season, simply because the natives of this district are willing to pay well for the privilege; therefore promoters out-bid London competitors for boxing talent. Last week the Scales v. Chrisp contest was put up to auction like the advowson to a clergyman's benefice. There were three bidders for the show, which must be considered of interest, as a London boxing promoter, whose rooms could by no possibility hold one hundred persons, offered one hundred and ten pounds for the privilege of Chrisp and Scales contending within the portals of his show. Most boxers and peds in the north have gaffers, so although Jack Scales told us he would have preferred to box in London, he gave way, and the match, said to be for the "Heavy-Weight Championship," was secured by a boxing promoter from the north—one of many and backer of Chrisp. Jemmy Lowes, who was rather disappointed over the Chrisp v. Scales match going elsewhere from Hexham House, was determined to secure, if possible, another show which Jemmy considered of greater magnitude—viz., the match between Dick Burge and Jerry Driscoll.

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will;
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Like the rose vase, so there is an aroma about Dick Burge which will bring the Novocastrians in their hundreds to the scene of any of his encounters—notwithstanding his defeat by Bobby Dobbs, notwithstanding the idea that was propagated that everything was arranged but Bobby Dobbs; Burge is really in greater demand in Newcastle than ever. So Jemmy Lowes was prepared to play the game of poker on this match. Not waiting for other bidding, Jemmy calls one hundred and fifty of his namesake, and if any other promoter is prepared to go higher, why, Jemmy assured us that another fifty, and perhaps a fifty after that, would not make him cry "Done!" Dick Burge has accepted the purse offered by Jemmy Lowes, but as yet Jerry Driscoll has made no sound. We suppose it is immaterial to Jerry, outside the N.S.C., where he contends, and from our experience of the Novocastrians, Driscoll will find as much fair play in Newcastle as anywhere in the U.K. After Jerry's Parisian experience of the sabot, in which he was bruised and battered in many places below the belt, Driscoll is no doubt prepared for anything, for we do not suppose in the roughest bout at boxing he will ever receive such treatment as he exposed to us shortly after his return from Paris.

The match claiming most attention at the present time at the N.S.C. is the match between Jack Roberts, of Drury Lane, and Will Curley, of Newcastle, on January 21, for £400 and a purse. Curley has to be taken on trial more for what he is expected to do than for what he has done. The Novocastrians have long claimed for Curley a lot of boxing merit, which until now has not been of the first water. Curley's only engagement of any importance was with "poor old George Dixon," and his conduct during the contest was very much commented on by the American Press. This hanging on and clinching enabled Curley to get through a number of rounds with the once incomparable black, but the show was undoubtedly with George Dixon. We will pass over "the blot on the family escutcheon" with Jabez White, as in that travesty Curley's form could not be gauged. In Jack Roberts, as shown in his more recent match with Nat Smith, a clever boxer of quite equal calibre to Will Curley, we have an aggressive fighter of the most pronounced type. While Jack Roberts is in the ring there is not an idle moment. Jack must be up and doing. He is a boxer who scorns finessing, and keeps his opponent on the move the whole of the time. Jack Roberts is by no means a scientific boxer. He is by no means ambi-dextrous, and relies mainly on his right hand; but his style is his own, and he will never depart from it, as we found on one occasion when we reasoned with him concerning some boxing defect. "Guvnor," he said, "let me fight my own way, I can't fight any other." That this way is a very good way, as far as achieving victory is concerned, has been proved by victories over Jem Barry, Frank Goss, Bill Wood, and "Natty" Smith. Roberts was recently training at his favourite show, the Green Man, Edgware, but last week he left for St. Peter's, Broadstairs, in company with an old chum, Ted Mortimer. Roberts is down to weight, and in first-class shape. Will Curley, who is training at Cullercoats, just outside Newcastle, in company with Tommy Murphy, is reported to be in the acme of condition.

Turning from the minnows of the Prize Ring in England to the tritons of America, there is one match for the Championship of the World which, should it come off at the time stipulated, must set everybody agog with excitement—that is, a contest between Gus Ruhlin and Jem Jeffries. When deaths have occurred in the annals of modern boxing or the Prize Ring it has mostly taken place among the small fry, and with the single exceptions of "Sandy" McKay and Simon Byrne, we fail to note any fatality in the ring among the Anaks of the pugilistic world fighting for championship honours. Two of the biggest men who ever contended for premier honours at the beginning of the last century were Gully, afterwards M.P. for Pontefract, and Gregson, afterwards the poet laureate of the Prize Ring. Both these champions were over six feet high and built in proportion. They fought in Viscount Deerhurst's Park at Bushey, near Watford. Both men were so thoroughly exhausted that when sent to their corners it was a question which giant would respond to the call of time. The betting was evens that neither would be able to respond. At the cry of "Time," Gully, by mere force of habit, sprang up like a well-trained soldier at the call of "Attention," and toed the scratch, but he had hardly done so when he fainted in his second's arms. This was a fight to a finish with a vengeance, but Gregson was not satisfied, and these Anaks met again with a similar result. This was the stuff of which Englishmen were made in the beginning of the last century; it remains for America to show us such a pair of big 'uns at the beginning of this. Gully then was champion, as Jem Jeffries is now, and we think Gus Ruhlin has the same chance of beating Jem Jeffries as Gregson had of beating John Gully. Jeffries is no feather-bed warrior, he has been brought up to that most arduous occupation known in this country as a drummer or riveter. Such a business has already given England one champion in the shape of Joe Wormald, and it has given America another in the shape of Jem Jeffries, whose adamantine frame seems to defy the assaults of his opponents, from Fitzsimmons and Sharkey to that more finished boxer, Jem Corbett. We had an opportunity of observing Jem Jeffries while in England, and he shapes from top to toe like a Hercules. When sparring at the Aquarium the muscles of his fore-arm were so large that it was with difficulty he could roll his sparring jersey over his biceps, while from his neck downwards he for a big man is faultless. We have never seen Gus Ruhlin, of the "Akron Giant," as he is termed, but report says that, although taller than Jeffries, he (Ruhlin) will enter the ring some stone or more lighter than the present champion. That Billy Madden's *protégé* is no dunce at the game is shown by the smart manner in which he beat Tom Sharkey, and taking Gus on this performance his admirers were ready to hail him champion. But there is such a thing as class, and although Ruhlin made Sharkey look like a novice he fell a victim to the superior prowess of the wily Fitzsimmons. Whatever may be the result of the fight should these men meet, they will create a record, for two bigger men have never stood *vis à vis* for championship honours since in England at the beginning of the last century.

# "JEWEY" COOKE, OF BLOOMSBURY,

**Who Met Walter Eyles at Wonderland on Monday Evening, January 7.**

*(With Portrait.)*

"JEWEY" COOKE has met several opponents with a fair amount of success. Beat Jerry Donoghue, 6rds; beat Pat Daly in 12rds and 7rds; beat Tom Woodley, 6rds; Mike Flynn, 4rds; Jem Thompson, 4rds. Draw with Tom Causer, 4rds. Beat Alf Buckingham, 12rds; G. Winney, 4rds; Jack Gover, 6rds; Corporal Tasker, 4rds; Alf Holding, 6rds; Corporal Lamb, 3rds; George Burley, 15rds and 6rds; Bill Donovan, 6rds; A. Camplin, 2rds; Alf Banister, 2rds; A. Wilkinson, 2rds; Walter Eyles, 6rds; Jerry Donoghue, 10rds; Ted Fenton, 4rds; Jack Walsh, 6rds; Jack Fairclough, 2rds; Billy Gordon, 6rds. In a special competition was defeated by W. Eyles; draw 15rds with J. Johnson; beat Andy Watson, 20rds; A. Hughes, 2rds; Billy Morgan, 3rds; Corporal Griffiths, 6rds; beaten by Harry Webster, 20rds; beaten by Walter Eyles, 6rds; beaten by Bill Nolan, 6rds; beaten by Jem Holloway, 20rds; beat Dave Barry, 4rds; draw with Walter Eyles at Wonderland, January 7, 10rds.

# SHOOTING THE MOON WAS A FAILURE.

**The Landlady Came Upon the "Bilker" with a Club.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

BILKING the landlady is not a pastime, but a business with some vagabonds, who, after living at owner's expense, take to flight with their belongings at the first opportunity. Some will leave their boxes behind—not empty, but full of bricks; others boldly leave with all they possess, and the unfortunate landlady wakes up to the fact that her lodger has departed for good and all, leaving her in debt for living and lodging. But all are not so clever in getting away, and Richard Baker's attempt was neatly frustrated. Everything looked well, as his box and umbrella were put outside, but just as he was in the act of making good his escape the window fell and held him tightly. It was then the lady appeared on the scene, and taking in the situation at a glance, belaboured Richard without mercy.

# JOHN MARX.

**A Strong Man Among Strong Men.**

*(With Portrait.)*

JOHN MARX, the subject of our illustration, is a naturally strong man, and accomplishes by strength what men like Sandow and others accomplish by trick. Marx has just fulfilled an engagement at the Paris Exhibition, where he has been engaged to illustrate feats of strength at an enormous salary.

# VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Harry Taphouse (Borough).
"Ginger" Mallett.
Tom Dixon.
Mr. Jemmy Lowes (boxing promoter, Newcastle).
Mrs. Jemmy Lowes (Newcastle-on-Tyne).
Farnham Brothers (Coco-Will, American Comedy Acrobats).
Matt Wood.
Johnny Hughes (matched with Pat Daly).
Charlie Knock (matched with Charlie Ryder).
Joe Crellin (club swinger).
Mangle Hyams.
George ("Barney") Sheppard.
Harry Carrington.
Alf Slater ("Old Skiddy").
R. Upton.
Harry Jacobs.
Arthur Morris.
Jem Morris.
Ernie Plummer.
Teddy Cranfield.
Jack Scales.
Alf Stanbrook.
J. T. Hulls, jun.
Harry Smith (South Africa).
Tom Dixon.
E. Mausie (New York).
Sam Brown (Derby Arms, East Sheen).
Jerry Driscoll.
Matt Woods.
Bill Stokes.
E. C. Clark.
William Stonelake.
Professor A. J. Newton (Barnsbury Boxing Club).
W. Lynch (winner N.S.C. competition).
James Zephirin (coloured boxer, West Indies).

## AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

New York, December 29, 1900.

The Editor, Mirror of Life, London.

Several important details in the proposed fight between Jim Jeffries and Gus Ruhlin are now clinched. Billy Madden visited Al Smith at the Gilsey House, and the latter returned the certified cheque of $2,500 which was left with him as a forfeit a few weeks ago when the battle was first arranged. This was done because the Bank of Cincinnati has been named as final stake-holder, and accepted by both Jeffries and Ruhlin. Madden will forward the money to Cincinnati today. Smith has also returned to Jeffries the champion's forfeit. Smith, however, will be identified with the coming fray, for Madden yesterday selected him as official timekeeper. There is no doubt but that he will be Jeffries' choice, for the boilermaker and Smith are great friends. Alec Brown will be one of Ruhlin's seconds. "Ruhlin will surprise a lot of people when he meets Jeffries," said Billy Madden. "I am teaching him a blow which is called the 'scissors' punch. I cannot tell you exactly just how it is delivered, but I can say that if it lands on Jeffries' jaw he will go out in a hurry and double out like a pair of scissors." Ruhlin was not a very well man when he met Fitzsimmons at Madison Square Garden. He was overtrained, and decidedly 'stale.' While he was preparing for the mill he used tobacco constantly. This had a tendency to make him bilious. Now I am going to cut this out the next time, and when he goes against Jeffries he will be in prime condition. Ruhlin fought Jeffries once before, and knows just what he can do. Gus was a novice at the time, but he got a draw, a feat which was noteworthy when you take into consideration that Jeffries since then defeated Sharkey, Fitzsimmons, and Corbett. Ruhlin now knows how to hit from the shoulder, a thing he did not know until lately."

At Boston, George Dixon, who was scheduled to box fifteen rounds with Jimmy Davenport, at the Eastern Club, Christmas night, did not fight. Andy Daley was substituted. Referee John A. Sheehan announced that Dixon refused to. Long *before* Davenport showed at the club it was said among the "knowing ones" that Tom O'Rourke, Dixon's manager, refused to allow the latter to go on. The manager of the club, William A. Pierce, and O'Rourke are bitter enemies, and it is said that is the reason that O'Rourke cancelled the engagement for George. There was a big crowd present to give Dixon a good send-off, and his non-appearance was a great disappointment. Davenport is only a third-rater in these parts, and everybody conceded an easy win for the coloured lad had they met. The bout between Daley and Davenport was a tame affair. The men agreed that if both were on their feet at the finish no decision should be made. Daley did all the fighting, and would have been an easy winner only for the agreement made before they went into the ring.

With the fighters barred out of this city, Chicago, and Philadelphia, the followers of boxing are looking in the direction of Cincinatti, Louisville, and several Connecticut cities. Cincinnati appears to be the coming pugilistic mecca, but when that shuts down a general frost in other places is looked for. Then it will be time to pull off glove fights in outlandish places, in barns, on barges in unfrequented rivers, and in the backwoods. Under such circumstances the sports will be compelled to put up with so many inconveniences that they will welcome the enactment of a new boxing law in many of the big States with open arms. Even now there is a feeling of destitution among fighters and those who follow the game.

Three of the foremost heavy-weight pugilists, Jeffries, Ruhlin, and Sharkey, have scratched the "Kid" from their list, and will refuse to meet him. Their reason for placing him under the ban is because of his meeting with Jim Corbett, which was declared to be a "gigantic fake" by the wives of the two boxers. Billy Brady and Billy Madden, speaking for Jeffries and Ruhlin, said that McCoy must first convince them that he is "on the level" before he deigns to issue a challenge, or show a desire for a fight. Sharkey also said that McCoy could not get a match with him if he were the last man in the world. "I don't care to injure my reputation by facing a man of McCoy's calibre," said Sharkey last night. "There are plenty of other men that I can meet, and so far as I am concerned he will never get another trial from me. I am going to leave for Hot Springs after the New Year, so as to get into condition for my proposed meeting with Peter Maher."

At Patterson, N.J., "Mysterious" Billy Smith and "Young" Mahoney, of Philadelphia, were to have fought twenty rounds at 150lb before the Passiac County A.C., but in the eleventh round Referee Edward Dougherty stopped the fight and declared it no contest. The men were "faking." In the seventh round the referee warned the men that unless they got to work he would stop the fight. Hardly a blow was struck, and neither took advantage of any openings. The "faking" was apparent to the crowd who began to yell at the fighters. In the preliminary "Young" Ryan knocked out "Kid" Hogan in the sixth round of a twenty rounds contest at 124lb.

Otto Cribb, who declares that he is the champion middle-weight of Australia, has arrived in this country. The other night Cribb was tried out against Frank McConnell at San Francisco. McConnell is one of the best known middle-weights on the Pacific coast, and when East last year met Jimmy Handler and "Mysterious" Billy Smith. Cribb proved to be an exceptionally good man, for he knocked McConnell out in four rounds. Cribb is ready to box any 154-pounder.

Peter Jackson seems to be getting along well these days in Australia. In a letter to Sam Fitzpatrick, the noted coloured heavy-weight writes that he has recovered his health again, and that he is as strong as he ever was. Jackson says that he has a boxing school, and has many pupils. He also writes that the game is picking up in Australia, and that several clever big fellows are springing up. It is Jackson's intention as soon as he gets enough money together to return to America.

At Lewiston, Me., Dick O'Brien won in the seventh round in the fight with "Scaldy" Bill Quinn.

It is reported that Bill Heffernan, the Australian middle-weight, who was easily whipped by Tommy Ryan at Syracuse, is a Boer prisoner at South Africa.

Jockey Lester Reiff has gone West on a business mission for Richard Croker, and incidentally will transact some business for himself. A few days ago he received a letter from Mr. Croker, authorising him to purchase three of the best horses he could find to be added to the Croker string for next summer's racing in England. Reiff will visit Chicago, and expects to be able to pick up at least one of the horses there. At any rate he will continue on to California, and see what can be done on the coast. While in California *Reiff* expects to invest a portion of his last summer's earnings in a fruit ranche near San Jose. It is said that he recently cleared $10,000 by a deal in Northern Pacific stock. He was given a tip in the fall by John W. Gates, the millionaire iron man, that that stock would advance, and bought heavily.

The Executive Committee of the National Rifle Association of America held a meeting at the Union League Club last night. It was decided to have an international combat on or about September 1 next, and invitations will be sent to England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Canada, Australia, Italy, Denmark, and Switzerland, asking that teams be entered, and for suggestions as to rules. The prize will be the Palmer trophy, which was won by the American team during the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876. The conditions governing the trophy call for teams of eight men who are to fire fifteen shots at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards.

THE TATTLER.

## BILLY SMITH,

**A Clever Feather-weight, who is Looking for a Match with the Best 9st Lad in England.**

*(With Portrait.)*

Billy Smith is at present giving lessons in boxing at the Three Crowns Hotel, Gravesend. He was born on April, 6, 1877, and stands 5ft 5½in in height, and weighs 9st. The following is his record:—Beat Ike Fisher, Brooklyn, 8rds; Jack Kelly, White Plains, 6rds; Tony Moran, So Beach, 10rds; Jack Howard, Brooklyn, 9rds; Jack Codegah, N.Y., 4rds; Tom Harmond, Brooklyn, 3rds; Tom Cooney, Brooklyn, 7rds; Harry Kyles, Brooklyn, 10rds; Itsy Ryan, Brooklyn, 20rds; Dave Lovigne, Boston, 6rds: Chas. Barnett, N.Y., 6rds, draw; Alf Levy, N.Y., 10rds, draw; Jack Smith, N.Y., 10rds, draw; Lew Meyers, N.Y., 12rds, draw; Tom Sullivan, N.Y., 20rds draw; Ed. Gardiner, N.Y., 25rds, draw; Willie Fitzgerald, N.Y., 10rds, lost decision; Bill Fielder, 2rds.

## ANOTHER STEP FROM THE BEATEN PATH.

**A Girl finds Occupation in House Painting.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

Women's range of usefulness find no limits in the present day, and she compels man to find pastures new in the labour market, in which she runs him very close for first place in many industries. The latest is the damsel who mounts the ladder to do a bit of house painting, in which she is considered an adept, and has many admirers, to whom she can display as prettily turned ankle as any girl while engaged in her self-imposed employment.

## PADDY RYAN,

**At One Time Heavy-weight Champion of America, Who Died Recently at Green Island, New York.**

*(With Portrait.)*

Paddy Ryan was born in the town of Thurlis, County Tipperary, Ireland, on March 15, 1853, and stood 6ft 1in tall. When in condition his weight was 221lb. Ryan in his early days took up fighting as a profession. He was successful from the start and soon made a reputation for himself. During the early part of April, 1878, while Johnny Dwyer and Joe Goss were filling an engagement at Harry Martin's Grand Central Theatre, Troy, Ryan indulged in considerable fighting talk.

The friends of Paddy thought the latter was a comer, and expressed a desire to match the Irishman against Dwyer. On April 10 the two men met in a saloon at Troy, and a match was arranged for 2,000dols and the championship, to take place between July 15 and 25. On the night of June 22 of the same year Ryan, accompanied by his trainers, Joe Goss and Jem Turner, came down from his training quarters at Sandlake, this State, to spar at an entertainment gotten up by a man named Kenny, a bill-poster from Brooklyn. The affair took place at the Prospect Park Fair grounds, but as the promoter would not live up to his agreement Ryan and Turner refused to box. While on their way home, and within a few blocks of the ferry to New York, the men were assaulted by a gang of roughs. Ryan was knocked down and stabbed in the left side near the kidneys. He was also kicked in the face, and had two of his teeth knocked out. Turner escaped with light bruises. Ryan was taken to the house of Charley Johnson, Dwyer's principal backer, where his wounds were dressed.

The injuries threw Ryan out of training and his battle with Dwyer was called off, although the latter's backers were willing to put off the affair for a reasonable length of time. Ryan was afterwards matched with Joe Goss. They met at Collier Station, W. Va., on June 21, 1880. Ryan won in eighty-seven rounds, lasting 1h and 24min.

About that time John L. Sullivan was rapidly forging to the front. The "youngster," as his chums dubbed him, challenged Ryan, and a match was soon made. The affair took place at Mississipi City, Miss., on February 7, 1882, under London Prize Ring rules. Sullivan's seconds were Billy Madden, Joe Goss, and John Moran. Ryan was handled by John Roche and Tom Kelly, of St. Louis. Sullivan won in nine rounds, lasting 10min 30sec. The mill was for 5,000 dols. a-side. The easy victory of Sullivan took all the heart out of Ryan, and he was seen only little in the ring after that.

Ryan a few years ago toured the country with Sullivan and the pair made considerable money. Up to two months ago Ryan was employed in a factory at Laurel Hill, L. I., and was apparently getting along well. Ryan died at his home on Albany Avenue, Green Island, December 14, after an illness of about six weeks. He was seized with a convulsion in the morning on arising and death ensued in the afternoon. Ryan was a resident of West Troy in his earlier days, and it was in that city and vicinity that his fighting powers became known. Of late years he was employed at Albany. He is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter.

## OUR LETTER BOX.

Letters are lying at our office for:—

Jack Hare (Plaistow).
Mr. Bert A. Dorman.
Geo. Dixon (America) (two).
J. Carkeek (wrestler).
Pat Daly.
Miss Vesta Victoria (music-hall artiste).
Miss Rose Petts (champion lady ball puncher).
P. I. Newell.
T. Naish.
Ted Thorne.
Alec Hurley (two).
Joe Gans (America) (two).
F. Leon (two).
Billy Ross (two).
H. Westbrook.
W. J. Abbott.
Bobby Dobbs (of America) (three).
Ernie Greaves.
Driver Pincher.
P. Gorman.
"Greek" George.
Robert Fitzsimmons (America) (three).
Charles Connolly.
Jem Hall (Australia).
H. Chance Newton.
George Slark.
A. McDonald.
Jem Corbett (New York).
Jem Holloway (South Africa).
George Fox Giles.
Claude Thompson.
Harry Mansfield (three).
Barney Scannell (the French Count).

**THE LONDON PAVILION PATRONS** are greatly smitten with the 9.40 turn, the Electrical Luminiscriptor. It sounds formidable, but is really an amusing entertainment, and shows lightning sketching and writing by an invisible hand.

## LOST AND FOUND.

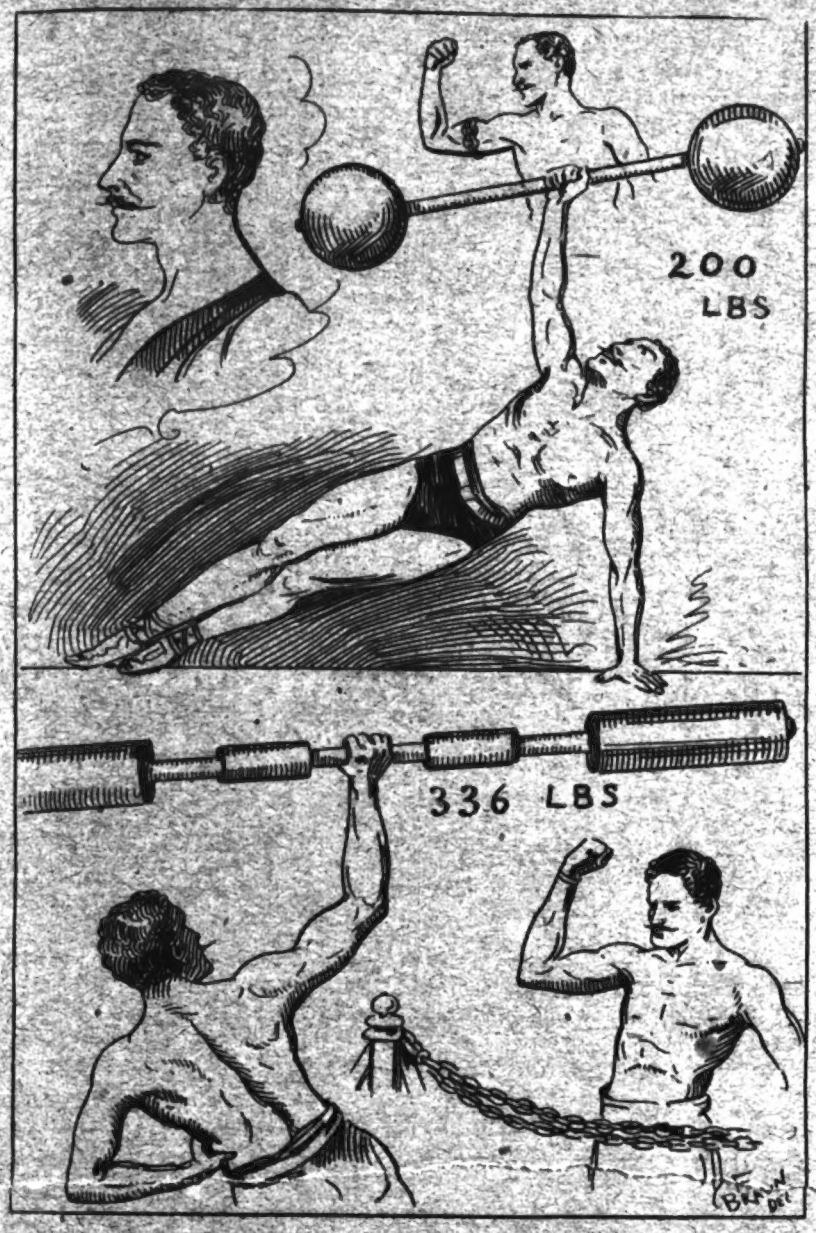
"I called in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his th..t, and wit.. a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. he thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

**PROFESSOR A. J. NEWTON,**
The Popular Instructor at the Barnsbury Boxing Club.

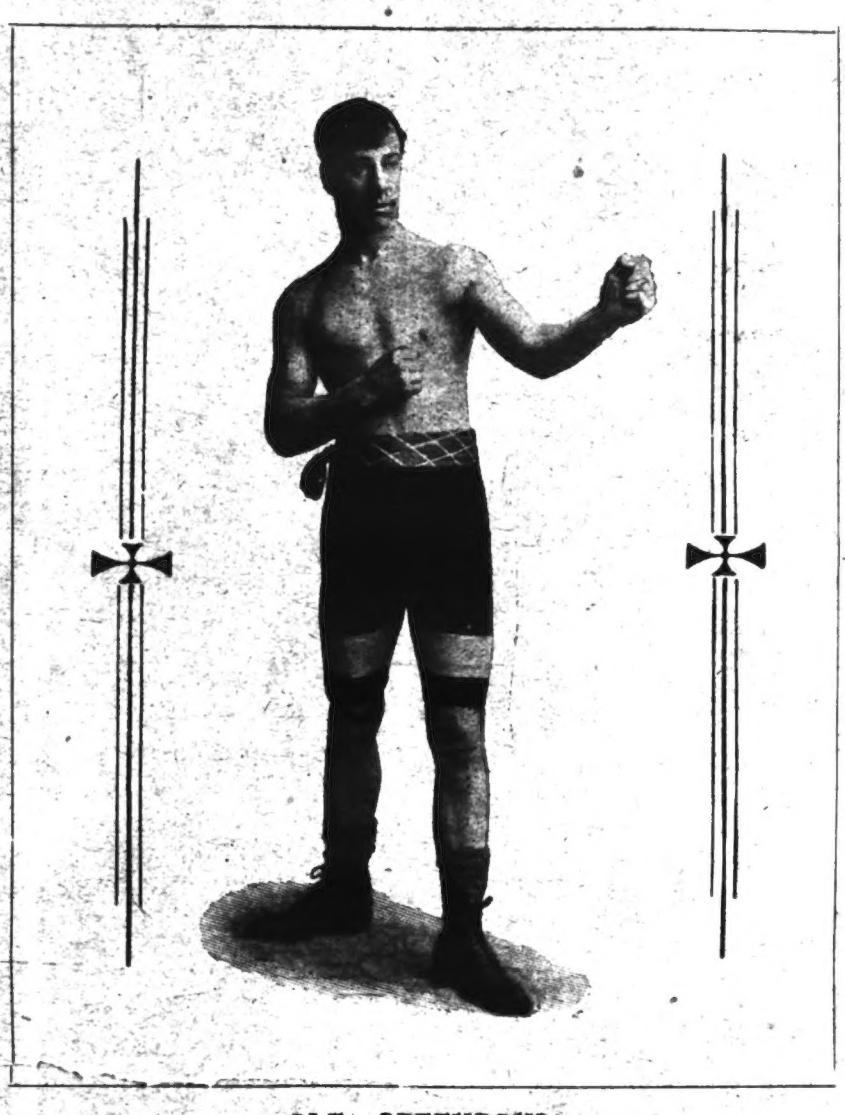
**CANADIAN TRAPPER'S METHOD OF DESTROYING SNAKES.**
The Poisonous and Dangerous Rattlesnakes Decoyed and Exterminated.

**PADDY RYAN,**
At One Time Heavy-Weight Champion of America, who Died Recently at Green Island, New York.

**ANOTHER STEP FROM THE BEATEN PATH.**
A Girl Finds Occupation in House Painting.




**THE AMERICAN HERCULES,**
Now Performing at the National Palace of Varieties, Croydon, and Challenges any Man to a Trial of Strength.



**ALF GREENBANK,**
A Well-known Boxer of Hounslow, who has Met Some of the Best at his Weight.

**DENOUNCED HIM BEFORE THE CONGREGATION.**
Wife Confronts and Exposes Her Husband.

**ENGLISH YACHTS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.**
Owner's Wife Steering at the Wheel.

**LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD.**—LORD William Beresford, whose untimely taking away has caused such a widespread and genuine feeling of regret, was the most popular of all the Beresfords, and in point of the recklessness of character generally described as "dare devil," he more nearly resembled his uncle, the "great Lord Henry," than did any of his brothers, not indeed that either Lord Marcus or Lord Charles are at all wanting in the qualities of go and dash. The three were born in successive years, Lord Charles, the eldest, first seeing the light in 1846, and the great race between them at Curraghmore in 1874 is still talked about the country side all over. At that time it was one of the best meetings in the South of Ireland, the late Marquis of Waterford being its great supporter, and it extended over two days. The race referred to was a sweepstakes of 100sovs each, three miles over the course, and the weights 11st 10lb. Odds of 5 to 4 were laid on Lord Charles's mount, Nightwalker, with 2 to 1 against each of the others, and after they had raced neck and neck for two miles and a half, the favourite was beaten. Lord William, on a grey mare called Woodlark, and Lord Marcus on Weasel, then came clean away, and the brothers riding for all they were worth, a desperate struggle home ended in favour of Lord William by a head, amidst a scene of excitement seldom witnessed on a racecourse. Lord Marcus was somewhat irritated over his defeat, as was indicated by the half caustic, half jocular reply he made to a well-known South of Ireland auctioneer, who said to him, "I am sorry you were beat, my Lord, but I'm damned glad Lord William won." "Ah, no wonder, I suppose you have him in the 'book' for a bit." The history of the plucky action which won Lord William the Victoria Cross in the Zulu War is pretty well known. In the course of the retirement of a reconnoitring party of the 9th Lancers, Sergeant Fitzmaurice was wounded, and apparently certain to fall into the hands of the closely following up blacks, when Lord Beresford galloped back, and told him to mount behind him. Fitzmaurice expostulated that it only meant death for both of them, and entreated his officer to look after his own safety, but Lord Beresford's characteristic reply was that if he did not obey him at once he would punch his head. The sergeant scrambled up and was brought off safely, while later on, when his bravery was recognised by the bestowal of the reward "For Valour," Lord William gave further proof of his chivalrous disposition by refusing to accept the much-coveted distinction unless it was also given to Sergeant O'Toole, who at great risk had come to his assistance and helped him and his wounded comrade to get away. Old residents in the Curragh district will recall many extraordinary escapades of the deceased nobleman when he was quartered there with the Lancers, not the least notable of which was an after-mess prank in which the regimental harriers were taken out and a midnight hunt enjoyed. A well-known Mallow jarvey still tells of the fright Lord William gave him many years ago when riding postilion with a conveyance which was taking his lordship and some kindred spirits home from a dance in the wee sma' hours. Lord Beresford at a dark part of the road clambered out of the chaise and got on the horse behind the rider, who, on looking round, nearly fell off from sheer terror. "Begorra, I'd been takin' a drop that night, and I thought it was the divil himself. But sure if it wasn't THE divil it was A divil, and it's no wondher I was frightened."

**PEDESTRIANISM.—D. STAFFORD'S** match with Jones having fallen through, D. S. wou'd like to run Brooks, of Lambeth, 100 yards or 200 yards level, or would concede him six yards in a quarter-mile or 25 yards in a half-mile for £25 a-side. A reply through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be attended to. This will also comply with Bailey failing Brooks.

**RINGS.—W. SMITH, OF 111, HIGH** Street, Swansea, accepts the challenge to play rings for the amount advertised through THE MIRROR OF LIFE. He wishes to say no more until this challenge is answered.

**CHAMPION SPENDTHRIFTS.—THE** nineteenth century produced a good many spendthrifts, such as the notorious Benzon, the "Jubilee Plunger," Squire Abington Baird the Marquis of Ailesbury, and others, but the eighteenth gave us some good specimens. John Mytton, the Squire of Halstead, was a fair example. He was left fatherless at an early age, and was spoilt by his mother. Expelled first from Westminster and then from Harrow, where, when only fourteen years of age, he managed to get through £890 a year, he was sent to travel with a tutor, and got through £4,000 a year—possibly with the said tutor's help. But he would probably have done it without, if we may judge from his doings afterwards. When he came of age he inherited a rent-roll of £10,000 a year, and gambled so fast that in two years he was head over ears in debt. His stewards told him that he could retrieve his fortunes by reducing his expenditure to £6,000 a year; but he exclaimed that he would not give a straw for life on that sum. When he was twenty-five Mytton died in squalor and misery in the prison of the King's Bench, having got rid of, since his majority, close upon three-quarters of a million. Another spendthrift of the same time, but not of the same kind, was Rogerson, a Gloucestershire squire. He inherited a fortune of £150,000, and this he managed to get rid of in three years, and without gambling. Like the Roman glutton, Apicius Cælius, Rogerson was a professed epicure. All his time was spent in inventing and concocting and consuming princely dishes. His chef had a salary of £8,000 a year—more than his employer's income; and every office in the household was filled with cooks. Even the footmen and the grooms were professed exponents of the art of cookery. A messenger was kept constantly journeying between London and Brittany bringing supplies of the eggs of a certain kind of plover which breeds only in that locality. Such was Rogerson's mania for eating that on one occasion he spent £50 over a breakfast of two courses for himself. At this rate his fortune obviously could not last long, and when it was gone he was reduced to actual starvation. In this condition a friend met him and gave him a guinea to save him from dying of hunger. The next day he was found in his miserable garret broiling an ortolan which he had purchased with the guinea, and the day after that he committed suicide.

**THE WORLD'S FAIR.—A GOOD** many changes have taken place since we last visited the World's Fair. The champion fat lady, Mrs. Bland, who was benevolence personified, is missed from her usual pitch. Since we wrote respecting this 32st of benevolence last year she has passed over to the vast majority, and in a quiet corner of Paddington Churchyard was laid to rest a woman who was well known to the public because of her enormous size, and to her friends and the showmen's fraternity generally because of her open, frank, and kind-hearted disposition. Indeed, of her it may be said, in more way than one, that she was a large-hearted woman. Mrs. Jane Bland was born in 1852 in Oldbury, Worcester, and had been exhibiting for about thirty years. Mrs. Bland's death was somewhat sudden. She was at first not seriously ill, but bronchitis and pneumonia quickly did their worst. She quietly passed away. Her enormous body and limbs were so familiar to the public and the profession that we need only state her weight was 32st. The coffin, of polished oak, with massive polished brass handles and fittings, measured 6ft 4in long by 3ft 4in wide and 2ft 4in deep. Another pair we missed from the big hall was Mr. and Mrs. Le Neve. Mrs. Le Neve under her professional name of Norah Sullivan was a weight-lifter of no mean power—a horse first and after the horse she used to lift a pair of scales similar to those used in a wholesale butcher's, on which thirteen adults stood. Le Neve, as the strong man, balances weights, &c., and altogether their performance was an attractive one. But boxing was what the visitors to the World's Fair hungered for, and Le Neve and his wife, owing to the close proximity of Harry Hughes's boxing booth, were obliged to refrain from setting-to, as no opposition is allowed. Consequently weight-lifting being too exhausting, Norah lifting weights while Le Neve captured the money at the door, the pair resolved to retire into public life—that is a public-house at Birmingham. Harry Hughes never appears annually at the World's Fair with the same boxing troupe. Year by year the most famous boxers on the road appear, and the next festive season disappear. This Christmas Harry has introduced to a London public many smart performers, notably Charley Knock, of Stratford, who won a novices' competition at the N.S.C., now matched with Charley Ryder. Joe Brooks, the Hughes midgets, "Dido" Plumb, and Johnny Hughes, now matched with Pat Daly for the light-weight championship. Fifty is down for this match, and another fifty must shortly be deposited, and then Johnny goes away to train at the old show.

**SAND CARRYING.—TOM DIXON** (Bow) would like to carry sand against Jem Bloomfield (Southwark) for as much as Bloomfield can find.

**FAST RUNNING FOR THE POWDERHALL** Grounds £130 New Year's Handicap.—If the time as returned for the winner, Roberts, of Leith, is correct, Roberts, a previous winner, must be one of the fastest sprint runners who ever put on a running shoe. Three yards inside evens—that is 30sec—with 6½yds start, is time very seldom beaten by any but a back marker like Hutchens, of Putney, and other champion peds when in their prime. Roberts's party were very confident, and their man did nothing to shake their good opinion. He had his men settled forty yards from home, and as he from this point virtually won as he liked, his second turn of honours in the end fell to him practically as easy as did his first. The nominal return was won by a yard and a half, with a foot between second and third. Roberts thus performed a feat unprecedented in the history of the handicap. In 1899 he started off 16yds, a yard short of the then limit, which his performance did a good deal to shelve. A year ago he ran second to Nener (the winner) in the first ties, off 9yds, and now, cropped of 2½yds more, showed himself favourably handicapped. The three handicaps practically sum up his career, but as he is only twenty-four, and is a vastly-improved winner, he should have a useful future. It is understood that his party did not repeat their great stroke of 1899, the market having throughout been cramped, but he was in the hands of an astute division, and they would doubtless land a tidy thing over their success. Roberts had a three-month preparation at Southport, and Bill Priestley, his trainer, was not forgotten when the winner got home. There only remained the final of the 300 yards, and here a most deserving runner in Davis, running with great determination, put a popular win to his credit. Final heat: D. Roberts, Leith, 6½ yards start (£80), 1; D. Stevenson, Leith, 12 (£8), 2; T. Winsper, Darlaston, 12 (£2), 3; D. Hamilton, Broxbourne, 14½ (£1), 4.

**MATT PALMER v. GEORGE BARNETT** for £10.—A match that has caused a deal of interest among the sporting community of the East-end was decided at the Old Bow Running Grounds on January 6. The contestants were Matt Palmer—brother to "Pedlar" Palmer—and George Barnett—brother to Joe Barnett. The conditions were to run 100 yards level. Tom Connor was stakeholder and referee. The men looked in fairly good condition, but were very unsteady on the mark. At the fourth attempt Andrew Wilson dispatched them to a capital start. At twenty yards Palmer showed slightly in front. At half distance Matt was leading by a foot. The remainder of the distance was grandly contested by both, and amidst excitement Palmer won by six inches. "Pedlar" waited on his brother, and Joe Barnett on his brother George. Barnett, not being satisfied with the result, has made another match on the same terms. The race to take place on January 13, at Bow Grounds.

**LAST MONDAY A LARGE AND SOCIAL** assembly of the chosen attended to celebrate the marriage of Miss Annie Hillinger and Mr. J. Kline at the Imperial Assembly Hall, Mile End. The ceremony was performed at Stepney Green by the Rev. J. Greenberg, the couple being attended by Mr. and Mrs. Hillinger and Mr. and Mrs. Green. The orthodox dress of white satin was used, and showers of rice, intermixed with the fast-falling snow, alighted on the pair as they wended their way to the carriage. The festivities were held as above, and a large muster of friends (and their friends) attended to do honour to the occasion. All over the world Jews are famous as exponents of the terpsichorean art, and the company was a representative one of dancers. This formed the staple portion of the fun, though there were plenty of vocalists who varied the entertainment. The honours of the evening went to Miss Schneiders, who looked well in a light blue costume fastened round the waist by a silver buckle. It was a ballroom dress, the top of the bodice being of beaded net, and this lady went well in the vocal portion of the amusement. The band was conducted by Louis Sheere, and Walter Silver was all there as M.C.

**THE FIRST RUGBY INTERNATIONAL** Football Match.—The first Rugby International of the season was decided on Saturday at Cardiff, when the Welsh representatives beat England by two goals and a try to nil. The game, which was watched by over 30,000 spectators, was not so one-sided as the score would indicate, but there was no mistaking the superiority of the Welsh team as a whole.

**FOOTBALLER'S TRAGIC DEATH AT** Glasgow.—A distressing drowning accident occurred on Monday near the Partick Thistle Football Grounds at Meadowside, Glasgow, whereby Robert Lee, eighteen, labourer, of 63, Anderson Street, Partick, lost his life. Along with several companions he was engaged playing football when the ball was accidentally kicked into the Clyde. Lee, who, it appears, was an expert swimmer, threw off his clothes and jumped in after it. He managed to get hold of the leather and turned for the bank, when it was observed he was evidently in distress, as he shouted for help and almost immediately sank. Dragging operations for the body were at once commenced, and it was recovered at a few minutes past one.

**THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—** Stevenson has won the billiard championship easily enough, and, though it is true that the form generally has been below the standard that should have been reached, it is only fair to the winner to point out that the fact of having "nothing to beat" had the tendency to render him less careful than would have been the case had the struggle been close. Dawson never was a good champion, and the possibility of his recovering the position he rather luckily held is remote. His challenge to John Roberts was extravagant, but one is not sure that Stevenson would not be justified in trying conclusions with the veteran should Roberts return. The new holder of the title, which is a somewhat qualified honour, is a player with a future. He possesses the intelligence and inventiveness which are essential, and there is a touch of genius in his execution. How Stevenson's lead was obtained and held is easily seen from this epitome of the run of the game:—Monday: Stevenson 1,500, Dawson 1,321; Tuesday: Stevenson 1,500, Dawson 1,466; Wednesday: Stevenson 1,501, Dawson 930; Thursday: Stevenson 1,500, Dawson 903; Friday: Stevenson 1,500, Dawson 852; Saturday: Stevenson 1,499, Dawson 934. Totals: Stevenson 9,000, Dawson 6,406. Average break per innings: Stevenson 40 points, Dawson 28 points. The new billiard champion, H. W. Stevenson, is an Englishman by birth, and not a South African, as has been frequently reported. Stevenson was born at Hull, Yorkshire, on July 15, 1874. He stands 5ft 6½in, and scales 10st.

**PEDESTRIANISM. — GREAT PER-**formance of Keane, the American.—There was a large contingent of the followers of the sport at the Victoria Grounds, Glasgow, on Saturday last, including a number of sports who had been assisting at the Powderhall and Hawkhill Handicaps in Edinburgh. A very big entry had been received both for the 130yds handicap and the 300yds handicap, in both of which T. F. Keane, the well-known American runner, started from scratch. Not for many years has such remarkable form been seen in Scotland as Keane displayed in both events. He won his opening heat easily, and in the second round also came in first, doing the 130yds in 13sec dead. In the final, however, he failed to concede 9½yds to C. Gillies (West Calder), who won; R. Davis (Drayman), 6yd, being second the time of the heat being 12½sec, rather too much to expect even the American to accomplish. All the men were despatched in one heat in the 300yds event owing to the impending darkness. This event Keane won hands down by 5yds, looking round, his time being 31½sec, also a remarkable performance.

**EDINBURGH 130 YARDS HANDICAP.** —Last Friday the Hawkhill Company staged their 130 Yards sprint, for which a fair entry had been received. The stake contended for was £25, and the weather was fine, which helped the men in their heats, the wind being all in favour of the sprinters. Jones, of Stockton, eventually won, but had to undergo examination, as, after the first heat, a protest was lodged against him, but this was eventually overruled. A. Jones (Stockton, late Maester, Wales), 8½yd start, R. M. Wilson (Edinburgh), 11½yd; T. Myles (Edinburgh), 11½yd, and T. Ormond (Leith), 15yd, qualified for the final, and ran in the order mentioned. All got well away, but the virtual scratch (Jones) ran with great judgment, and drawing away in the run in won by a foot, the time being 12½sec. The winner was a good favourite throughout, while 5 to 4 was betted on him in the final.

**IN ANSWER TO OLD JOE FARRELL'S** (the veteran M.C.) challenge to sing three songs, one Irish, one comic, and one sentimental, Mr. W. Pass, of the Peabody Arms, High Street, Shadwell, E., will sing Old Joe the three songs in a home-and-home match for from £1 to £10 a-side upwards one match at the above house and one match at Mr. Mendoza's, the Anchor and Hope, Brook Street, Ratcliffe. As soon as this answer to his challenge is taken notice of a match can be made through this paper. Mr. Pass would like to see Old Joe and his backer, Mr. Mendoza, at the Peabody Arms at their earliest convenience. Hoping they will not fail, as business is only meant, and any further paper talk will be thoroughly ignored. Man and money ready immediately.

**SOME MEMBERS OF THE OLDEN** time have a game for useful prizes.—Were we asked to name a man who at seventy-four years of age has seen more and done more than Joe Hackett, we should want to know his name. Joe also excels as an angler, for when some fishermen in the district where Joe once kept a beerhouse caught a very scarce fish called "grayling," and were doubtful about the name of their catch, they took the fish round to Joe Hackett, when Joe, looking at the fishermen contemptuously remarked, "Why you don't know a mackerel from a sprat, they're grayling." A rare muster of sportsmen of this kind assembled at the Gossett Arms, Gossett Street, Bethnal Green, early last week to witness a game at bagatelle, 121 chalks up, between those two well-known veteran sportsmen, Mr. T. Leigh, proprietor of the Gossett Arms, and old Joe Hackett, whose united ages reach a total of 144 years (Mr. Leigh being seventy, and Joe Hackett

seventy-four), for a valuable trophy. Old Joe was successful in the toss for first break. This gave him great confidence, and turning round to old Tom he said, "I suppose we had better have a suit of clothes on it?" "Yes," said old Tom, and old Joe at once commenced to play, and scored 16 at the first shot. Then he left the balls in play, and the evergreen one secured 20. The game proved very interesting, and half-way old Joe was leading by 3. Then old Tom pulled himself together, and showing the company some fine play ran out a winner by 23 points amidst great cheering. Another veteran sportsman, Harry Harris, the "Flying Tailor," of Barnet Grove, challenged old Tom for a spread for twenty, which was at once accepted, and although he played in grand form he shared the same fate as old Joe Hackett, and was beaten by 15 chalks. Mr. Leigh won the clothes, the trophy, and the meat. A very jovial evening was spent, old Joe distinguishing himself by reciting "The Stowaway" and "The Spider and the Bluebottle."

**THE "POOR" JEW COMES OUT ON** Top.—One Jew and four reputed Christians were playing poker on an Atlantic liner. The pool was piled with fifty sovereigns. The Jew asked for two cards, and one of them was turned—the queen of diamonds. "I won't take it," he protested. "But you must," said the dealer. "I won't," repeated the Jew. The players all supported the dealer. "It's not fair," persisted the Jew. "I'll take my ten pounds out of the pool and leave the game." "You can leave the game, but you must leave your money," was the reply. So he gave in and took the card. Only two were betting, one of whom was the Jew, who raised and raised his adversary. "But my dear fellow, I know your hand can't be worth much, it isn't fair," said the Christian. "Well, I'll see you," was the reply. The Christian laid down four knaves. The Jew showed four queens. "But what on earth—why did you refuse the queen of diamonds?" asked the loser. The Jew smiled pleasantly as he emptied the pool. "That is my business," he replied.—[One of the most debated of the divergent rules of the now popular game of poker is whether a player must take, or cannot have, a card faced in the draw. Not long ago a considerable bet on the point was placed in the hands of an obliging stakeholder, who duly handed the money to the winner on decision rendered. The loser, angry at having been ruled against, sued the stakeholder under a New York anti-gambling statute, and won. The stakeholder was thus rewarded for his kindness in handling two other people's money by the loss of a considerable sum—and no one is the wiser about the disposition of the faced card.]

**TALKING ABOUT "DOPING," THE** story of what became of the bottle of port which was to have been given Digby Grand before he won the City and Suburban in 1872 may be interesting. Mr. Graham, the owner of the horse, had sent Walcot, the trainer, a bottle from one of his best bins, which was to be given to the animal, who was ridden by George Fordham. When the latter found Walcot with the bottle in the paddock he inquired whom it was for. "Digby Grand!" was the answer. "Don't you think it would do us more good?" slily queried the track jockey after sniffing its bouquet. Walcot acquiesced, and the pair drank the lot. "I told you he wanted a stimulant!" said the delighted Mr. Graham after Digby Grand had won. "Ah," was George Fordham's comment, "I know who wanted the stimulant, and it was not the horse."

**SHOT AT A FOOT RACER TO** Improve His Speed.—At Sacramento, Cal., there was a foot race at Eastern Park on which Jacob Zemansky put up 2,500 dols. against an equal amount offered by a San Francisco sport. Zemansky believed that his candidate—one Hennessy—intended to throw the race to his opponent. To prevent this Zemansky took out his revolver and fired a couple of shots at the sprinter. The shooting had the effect of injecting such an amount of ginger into Hennessy that Zemansky won the stake. Zemansky admits the shooting, but declares that he merely shot over Hennessy's head to scare him.

**BIG PERFORMANCE AGAINST TIME.**—A short time since Harry McColley, a native of Bermondsey, forty-one years old, essayed the task, for a £5 5s trophy, to run from Mr. Harry Hughes', the William the Fourth, Rockingham Street, Elephant And Castle, to Medcalfe's boat-house, Tower Bridge, and to row from Medcalfe's boat-house to Blackfriars Pier, and also to run from Blackfriars Pier to Harry Hughes', William the Fourth, Rockingham Street, in his stipulated time of 35min. McColley left Rockingham Street at 1.15; a large number of spectators were present. Bill Stanley and Jack Wallis acted as timekeepers, and the result was that McColley accomplished the various distances in the splendid time of 33min.

**RABBIT COURSING.—IN REPLY TO** the Lady of Mardy the Sirdar of Briton Ferry will run her for £20 a-side. Conditions: 11 out of 21 first, pick up, drop 80yd. If these are suitable match can be arranged by applying at the Vernon Hotel, Briton Ferry, on Saturday next, January 12, from four to eight o'clock.

**WE HAVE RECEIVED A COPY OF** the *Sporting Life Companion*, which, at the price 2d, is the most useful sporting manual out at the present time.

**A GENTLEMAN WILL BACK HAM**mond's Willie to race either Etor or Venus one race off the mark for the sum of £25 a-side, or the two can join in and make a sweepstake, the winner to take the lot. The match can be made at the Weavers' Arms, Drysdale Street, Kingsland Road, between eight and ten p.m. next Sunday.

**MARTIN MELIA, THE CHAMPION** dancer, is looking for new laurels. He is open to meet Barns, the holder of the belt. At present he is beating all comers at the Empire, Bow.

**WE HAVE RECEIVED A COPY OF** the "Licensed Victuallers' Year Book for 1901," this being its twenty-ninth year of publication, and it contains a mass of useful information in its 400-odd pages. Articles on wines and spirits, records of all sporting events, with chatty and descriptive notes on turf matters is illustrated, and an up-to-date volume.

## WEST-END SOCIETY CLUB RAIDED.

**The Company Unexpectedly Interrupted by the Entry of the Officers.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

A CLEVER raid on a so-called social club was arranged by the authorities and carried out successfully. The members who were gathered within the building had not the faintest suspicion that the officers would appear upon the scene in the height of the enjoyment; in fact, one gentleman was actually pouring out a glass of champagne when the heavy velvet curtains which covered the door parted aside, and four uniformed officers made their appearance and arrested the players, who were seated at the tables with their cards and money before them. Ladies, as well as gentlemen, were of the party, but everything was done so quietly that no one witnessed the departure of the prisoners.

## JEALOUS WOMAN SEEKS REVENGE.

**With Teeth and Nail She Attacks Her Rival.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

THE green-eyed monster jealousy was the cause of Bridget Mahoney appearing in the dock to answer to the charge of assault. It appears that she and her fellow servant both became enamoured of the same young fellow, and his red soldier's coat was the admiration of their feminine tastes as each in turn took a walk with her lover. Each thought they were favoured, and when Bridget found to her sorrow that she was neglected, her fury knew no bounds, and she fell upon Jane tooth and nail. The latter, to escape her rival, entered a cab, but Bridget through the window seized her rival by the hair and refused to release her victim until superior force compelled her to give up the attack.

## BLINDFOLDED FEAT LEADS TO AN ACCIDENT.

**Fatal Fall of a Young Gymnast.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

A FATAL accident occurred at Hamburg. While a couple of gymnasts were performing some dangerous feats, by some mischance they missed their hold and one fell heavily to the boards beneath. It was at first thought that his injuries were slight, as he immediately arose and left the stage without assistance, but later he swooned and never regained consciousness. The trick which led to the accident had been performed every night for months past and was not the most daring of their achievements.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[ADVT.


## ALF GREENBANK.

**A Well-known Boxer of Hounslow, who has Met Some of the Best at his Weight.**

*(With Portrait.)*

BORN at Bermondsey, June 1, 1874. Started boxing about ten years ago. Won a local competition; beat Jack Farley, of Birmingham, in a novices' competition at the N.S.C.; beat Dan Harriss, George D'Arcy, in a 9st 4lb competition at the N.S.C.; beaten in the final by H. Osborne, of Woolwich; won a 9st 6lb competition at the N.S.C., beating Nolan, Stevens, and Jack Walker, of Haggerston, in the final; beat Jack Gardner in opening bouts of a 10st competition at the N.S.C., and beaten by "Ginger" Stewart, of Battersea, in second bouts, after an appeal to the referee; beat Eddie Wilson at the Excelsior Baths; beat Jack Rigby at the Central Hall; beat Dick Hennessy at Ginnett's Circus, Portsmouth; beaten at the same place by Johnny Hughes; beat Wilson at the Drill Hall, Tottenham Court Road; beaten by Harry Webster at the same place; beat Jack Goodwin; beaten by Harry Webster in a competition at the N.S.C.; beat Charlie Corney at the Thames Rowing Club; and has likewise met the well-known men in contests and competitions:—Jem Styles (twice), Jack Fitzgibbons (twice), Arthur Callan, Maurice Phillips, Jerry Donoghue (twice), Walter Eyles, and Joe Anderson.

## GAVE THE SHOP ASSISTANT FIVE MINUTES TO APOLOGISE,

**Which was Promptly Rendered at the Pistol Point.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

ALWAYS attentive to his lady customers, John Ridley overstepped the bounds of prudence when he suggested the offer to escort them to the theatre. This came to the knowledge of the husband, and taking his wife and her friend back to the shop demanded an explanation from John. The latter was in a fix, and so greatly agitated that he could not reply, and his condition was rendered worse when the husband drew a revolver and demanded an apology from the culprit on his bended knees, and gave the latter but five minutes to execute it, which he did as speedily as possible.

## CANADIAN TRAPPER'S METHOD OF DESTROYING SNAKES.

**The Poisonous and Dangerous Rattlesnakes Decoyed and Exterminated.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

A TRAPPER who spent the greater portion of his life out in the wild woods of Canada found a useful method of destroying the poisonous reptile, the rattle-snake. He mixed a decoction which, when poured on the ground, attracted these deadly reptiles for some distance around, and when they had collected in any quantity he would with his shot-gun destroy them wholesale. Even while laying the stuff as a trap they would instantly issue from their holes and make for the spot, with the result that they would be exterminated.

## DENOUNCED HIM BEFORE THE CONGREGATION.

**Wife Confronts and Exposes Her Husband.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

LET it be said in justice to the wearers of the cloth of holy orders that seldom do they figure notoriously, but at the same time there is always a black sheep who brings discredit to his profession, and such an one was the curate who was denounced at a revival meeting by a lady who came forward and claimed him as her husband, while he before the congregation posed as a single man. When the facts were known that he had deserted her and her child, it gave the village tongues a scandal and a nine days' wonder.

## NOT SO PERILOUS AS IT APPEARED.

**The Word "Powder" on the Cask Frightened the People Away.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

DURING a fire at Ling a youth was seen to emerge from the smoke with a small barrel on which was painted the word "Powder." Like the man with a paint pot, the crowd gave him plenty of room, and placed a safe distance between themselves and the explosive. But the youth was not doing anything heroic; the little tub contained a few toys and other harmless relics which he wished to save from the fire.


**TO THE MARRIED AND THOSE INTENDING TO MARRY OF BOTH SEXES.**

Read carefully my new book, which treats Every Branch of this Delicate Question of large families with a moral check, as commended by an eminent London Physician. Send postal order, 1s. 6d. for improved edition, in sealed packet, with distinct address to the author, Mr. Wilton J. Dowse, Science Lecturer, 14, The Chase, Nottingham. An M.P. writes us: "Book valuable, reliable, and moral. Poverty banished, comfort in homes secured."

Name this paper, please.

**JOHN LAWSON AND HIS** "Humanity" sketch having gone so well last week at Collins's has been re-engaged for this week also. Lawson is playing the sketch at two other halls.

**THE PROGRAMME AT THE OXFORD** is to be additionally strengthened on Thursday by the appearance of Miss Kate Tyndall and company in a new sketch, entitled "A Hot Bath."

**WE CANNOT PART WITH THE** "Casino Girl" without a struggle, and Mr. Geo. Lederer has wisely postponed her departure, and the Christmas holidays were made brighter by the young lady's presence. I am, however, afraid her final good-bye is now within measurable distance, so hurry up.

**MR. MANAGER FRED MoAVOY HAS** been rewarded with crowded houses at the Euston Theatre of Varieties. Alec Hurley has been scoring with his popular "Lambeth Walk" success. Fred Poplar, Miss Marie Collins, Vendome and Chase, and others have all put in good work. Much enthusiasm has been created over Ashley Page's rendering of C. Calvert's recitation, "Bobs," specially written to commemorate the return of Lord Roberts to England.

**MR. FRED HARRIS HAS THE** usual good company at the Queen's, Poplar, numbering Miss Alice Leamar, Harry Kent, Fred Riley, Geo. Gulliver, Miss Amy Milton, Miss Lily Burnand (last week), Amandus, Brewster and Clark, Arthur Richards, Miss Maud Dodsworth, and others, also a sketch entitled "Kathleen," interpreted by Geo. Marriott and Co., and a farcical sketch by Lavers and Lake called "Heir to a Million," in which the scene is laid at "Sloppy Sloshkin's boot repairing emporium."

**MR. J. M. EAST'S PANTOMIME,** entitled "The Forty Thieves," is going well and strong at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Miss Kitty Beresford (whom I at first sight easily mistook for one of the Miss Lloyds) is a dainty and bewitching Morgiana, and Miss Rita Presano is a handsome principal boy. Tom Woottwell and Harry Buss are a couple of clever comedians and incorporate a lot of comic business into the evening's amusement. Excellent amusement, capital scenery, beautiful girls and dresses are to be found at the Lyric.

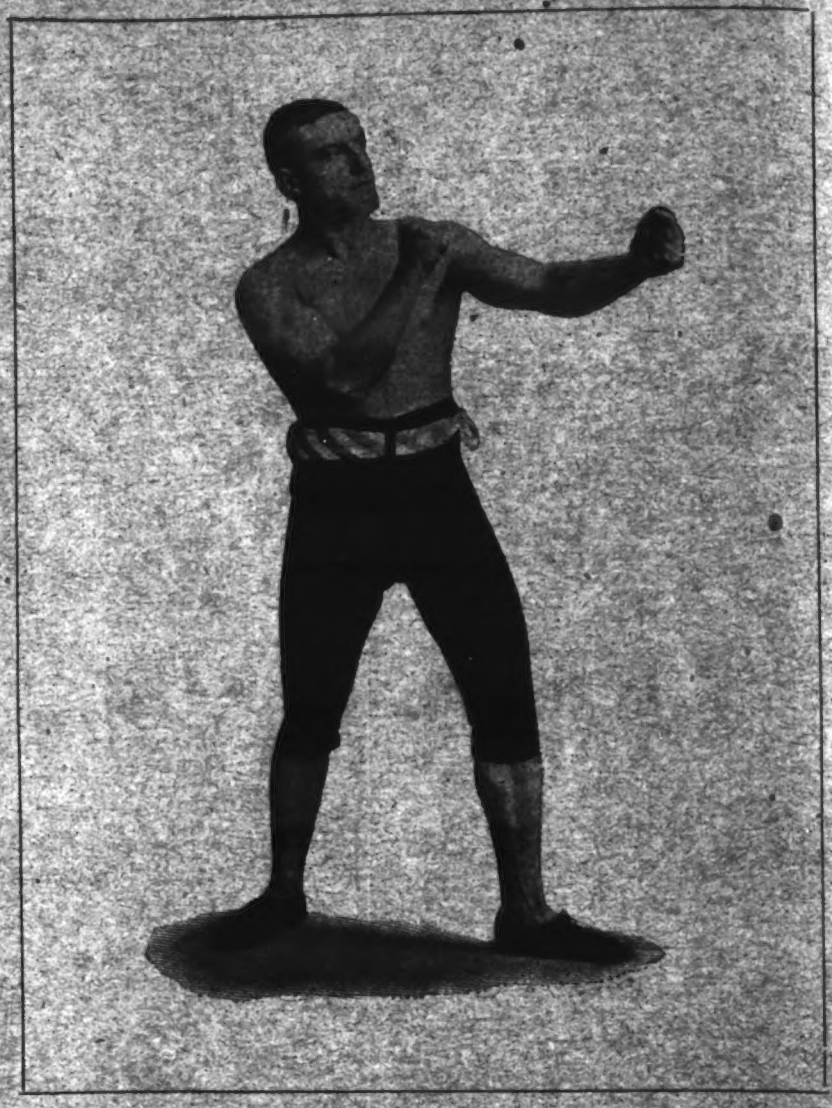
**THE CINDERELLA AT THE** Pavilion Theatre finds a charming representative in dainty Miss Alice Lloyd, and her delightful performance is alone sufficient to insure the success of the pantomime. Miss Jessie Preston is a dashing principal boy, and her love scenes with Miss Lloyd are pretty and artistic. It need hardly be said that the fun runs fast and furious when the two McNaughtons appear, though the fun provided is not of that knockabout order which abounds too frequently in pantomime but pure farce, the clever couple are awarded a perfect storm of applause. Miss Katie Cohen makes the fairy godmother an interesting and intelligent character and sings charmingly. Graham and Russell, Rice, Davis and Co., and many other clever people are also seen to advantage. The panto is well staged, well dressed, and well acted, and should not be missed.

**THE LIBERAL PROGRAMME PRO**vided at the Holloway Empire drew crowded houses last week. H. A. Moore was the star, and his clever mimicry was greatly appreciated. Roy Redgrave's comedy company appeared in a sketch entitled "Poor Phil Garlic," the six Royal Welshmen's voices blended sweetly in glees and part songs, Miss Maud Duprez proved herself a dashing serio and dancer, and many other clever people appeared. Mr. Vernon Ryde for this week announces a powerful company, including Gibbons' Bio-Tableau, which depicts an animated pantomime in twenty scenes, entitled, "Santa Claus," Miss Ada Alexander and Company in "The Mason," Miss Maud Ross, singer and step dancer, George Daunton, an artistic light comedian, the acrobatic Dayton family, Will Mitcham, Goggin and Davis, in comic skit, the marvellous Crowley, the Welsh Girls, Miss Maggie Ward, Miss Edna Penville, charming vocalists, and Mr. and Mrs. Robyn's American Sketch Party, in "The Morning After."

DAVE.

**BILLY SMITH,**

**A Clever Feather-Weight who is Looking for a Match with the Best 9st Lad in England.**



**PRIVATE HOLTON (WILLIE HOLT),**

**A Well-known Boxer Now Serving at the Front.**

**SHOOTING THE MOON WAS A FAILURE.**

**The Landlady Came Upon the "Bilker" with a Club.**

**JOHN MARX,**
**A Strong Man Among Strong Men.**

**ABEL RICHARDS,**
**Winner of the Mouth Organ Championship of Wales.**

**WEST-END SOCIETY CLUB RAIDED.**
**The Company Unexpectedly Interrupted by the Entry of the Officers.**

## EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during January:—

JANUARY 12. — Wonderland. — Milsom and Grant, fifteen rounds; Goodson and Leeper, eight rounds; Dickinson and Davis, eight rounds; Calder and Forrest, eight rounds; Sweeny and Coggins, eight rounds; Schofield and Cook, eight rounds; Warner and Ferris, eight rounds; Dudley and Harris, six rounds; and final 9st Competition.

JANUARY 14.—At the National Sporting Club, W. J. Lynch v. Harry Barrett, ten rounds; Charlie Ryder v. Charlie Knock, ten rounds; also 8st 4lb Competition.

JANUARY 14.—At the Standard Theatre, Gateshead, "Spike" Robson v. G. Keen.

JANUARY 15.—Columbia B.C. Novices' Competitions at the Tee-To-Tum Club, High Street, Shoreditch.

JANUARY 17.—At the National Sporting Club, 9st Novices' Competition.

JANUARY 18. — At Corlette's Gymnasium, 123 Princes Street, Manchester, Paddy Lester (Manchester) v. C. Boardman (Manchester), ten rounds; Geo. Dingle (Liverpool) v. Martin Hogan (Manchester), ten rounds; Jack Muldoon (Manchester) v. Ted Harding (Liverpool), fifteen rounds.

JANUARY 19.—At the National Sporting Club, finish of the preliminary heats of the 9st Novices' Competition.

JANUARY 19. — Wonderland. — Benson and Barnard, ten rounds; James and Radley, eight rounds; Styles and Eyles, six rounds; Burley and Smith, six rounds; Goodson and Barrett, six rounds; Adams and Escott, six rounds; Willis and Hyde, six rounds; Casey and Evans, six rounds; Hart and De Georgie, six rounds; Houghton and Gaylor, six rounds.

JANUARY 21.—At the National Sporting Club, Jack Roberts v. Will Curley, fifteen rounds; Trooper Ham v. George Penny, ten rounds; other boxing, and final bout of the 9st Novices' Competition.

JANUARY 24.—At the National Sporting Club, 9st 6lb Competition.

JANUARY 24.—Open Competitions, Goldsmiths' Institute, New Cross Hall.

JANUARY 26.—At the National Sporting Club, continuation of the 9st 6lb Competition.

JANUARY 28.—At the National Sporting Club, Bill Chester v. Bill Ward, fifteen rounds; semi-finals and final 9st 6lb Competition; six rounds contests, and other boxing.

JANUARY 31.—At the National Sporting Club, the first round of a 10st Competition.

## WONDERLAND.

**THE FIRST SHOW OF THE TWENTIETH** Century.—On the first of the new century (Tuesday) Harris, Wright, and Jacobs put on one of the extra specials at Wonderland, when a huge crowd witnessed the entertainment. There is always too much for one evening, but this suits the spectators, and without the majority of the bouts being of the knocking-out order, cannot be finished in one night. The result of staging good tournaments as well as giving plenty for money is well shown by the assembly, which equalled record, while the cash account beat all previous takings, and, as Harry Wright said, "It was indeed a bumper." This is no more than deserved, as when a fistic carnival is arranged it will always meet public approval and patronage, if the boxers are of a class to give the public sufficient sport for their outlay. We will ask the reason that the Press table is done away with, and why reporters have to be crowded or have a knee desk? During the summer and early winter there were two tables, one for the officials (referee and timekeeper) and the big one for journalists. Then it was comfortable, but now, if a Pressman is not present long before the boxing begins, he has to put up with a knee desk, the big table being taken away and the one that is left can hardly accommodate the Press, without the officials. Another thing we must ask, why are people allowed to keep walking past the front of the table, and, at critical moments, get between the table and the ring? The very best of order was maintained, and there were among those we saw no less than twelve detectives on the staff. Mr. R. Josephs (MIRROR OF LIFE) acted as referee, while for the competition Harry Lee, "Brummy" Meadows, and Rube Phillips officiated as judges. The clocking was performed efficiently by Tom Goodwin, A.B.A., and the spouting (plenty of it) by Ben Harris, who introduced celebrities by the dozen. Details:—8st 6lb Competition: Dick Parkes beat Joe Barrett.—The latter has gone off, and after taking the lead Parkes gradually did enough to get the verdict of the judges. Alf Greer beat Fred Homewood.—Fred was receiver-general throughout, and the heaviest man (Greer) won very easily. Bill Stonelake beat Patsy Walsh.—Patsy did not fight with any of his usual dash, and they continually held. The referee had to get into the ring to separate them, and finally the award very properly went to Stonelake. Johnny Thomas beat Sailor Richardson.—This showing of Richardson's was very bad, almost too poor to be true, and, scoring with both hands, Thomas gained the decision. Semi-finals: Parkes beat Greer.—There looked about half a stone difference in the weights, and the first two rounds were slightly in favour of the heavier man (Greer), but Parkes set himself going and wiping off all back numbers, gained the award of the judges. Stonelake beat Thomas.—From start to finish this bout was never exciting, and quick though easy exchanges took place. The bout was very scientific, and finally Stonelake won. The final takes place on Saturday next. Five six-round contests took place, these being as follows:—Ted Ware beat Bob Russell.—The ex-amateur was very tall and lathy, but from the outset had no chance with Ware, as, after taking the lead at the start, the latter drew away and won by a distance. Bill Corbett and Willie Stone.—The bout was youth against age, and science strength, and as the old 'un (Corbett) managed to keep pace with Stone, the referee said a draw. Harry Spurden beat Fred Johnson.—A decade ago this pair of old timers were among the best in the land, and have fought many a hard and vicious battle in the past. Fred journeyed over to the States to meet the celebrated black, George Dixon, and gained a fair amount to add to his banking account. As soon as the order to advance was given they began in orthodox style, and the art of hit, stop, and get away was seen to advantage. There was no relying on brute strength, but every blow countered or stopped. Just when the bout became exciting Spurden got home a solar-plexus blow, and won. This was in the second round, and fair on the button Spurden sent the right, and Fred could not move for about five minutes. Harry Benson beat Alf Barnard.—The patrons of the hall have not seen Alf contend for a considerable time, and a better or harder bout could not be witnessed. They did not box, but from the time they stood up had a fight, and it proved as grand a one as was ever seen. Excitement ruled high as the boys, despite hard knocks, stood to their work like the gluttons they are. Benson was the quicker of the twain, and during the final rounds scored best, and gained the fiat. What the bout was can be seen when the audience shouted till they reappeared, and in response to the boys a match (ten rounds) made by the pair for next Saturday. Joe Ross beat Tom King.—King always rushed to close quarters, and a brilliant battle resulted. Ross scored fast in the opening rounds, and though King pulled up, managed to, after a fine fight, gain the verdict. Ten Rounds Contest: Bill Chester beat Bill Nolan.—The last named, as usual, looked very beefy, while his opponent looked as fit as the proverbial fiddle. The bout opened promisingly, but Chester forced the fighting, and Nolan boxed on the retreat. A couple of hard upper-cuts sent Nolan down, and the second time "Time" came to his relief. During the interval his second gave in, stating that his jaw was injured.

A humorous incident took place during the evening. Some loaded cigarettes were handed about when, much to the astonishment of the spectators, Fizz—bang! was the result. Mr. Harry Wright was the first to feel the shock, and the laughing had scarcely subsided when *gallant* Ben Harris fell a victim to the report. The Clerkenwell explosion was performed in miniature at Wonderland on Tuesday evening last.

On Saturday evening another immense crowd patronised Harry Wright's fistic entertainment at Wonderland, and spectators must have been hard to please if they were not satisfied. Boxing will always pay its way in the East-end if properly conducted, and the public know that when the promoters of these shows advertise a tournament it is carried out in a thorough sportsmanlike manner. Every carnival this season (and they number eleven) has been packed, and over 30,000 sports have been delighted at getting full value for their money. It is not possible for any promoter to be certain of every boxer turning up, but the champion promoters have others ready to go on in case of accidents. Why do not other men do likewise, and by keeping faith with the public raise the sport to a higher level, as well as assist themselves to gather in the shekles? The promotor, Harry Wright, received a lesson on the previous Tuesday, but this had no effect, and when he asked for a cigarette (the old game), got it, and began to smoke, when "Fizz, bang" it went, and Harry began to rail at the reporter (who had him). The laugh went against him, but as he stated another record in numbers was beat, he could afford it. A number of Army officers were present on the stage, and expressed themselves delighted with the show. Not far from the Press table was seated a young man who bore traces of battles with the raw 'uns, and in the company of his friends he expressed his opinion in long words. Just imagine a pugilist (or one who looked like one) saying, "Yes, the scent I use is amethyline ether mixed with orthodoxycinnic antidude," and then the reader can understand the laughter. A better improvement than the electric gong could not be found, and as at times the voice of the timekeeper and the sound of the bell could not be heard, the promoters went to the expense of having it done by electricity. Details: The officials were—referee, Joe Smith; timekeeper, Harry Lee; with loud-voiced Ben doing the spouting as usual. The opening bout of the night was an eight rounds contest, in which Harry Fowler gained the decision over Jack Williams. This proved a grand start to the evening's sport, and the last-named took a long lead in the first four rounds, Fowler boxing below his usual form, and he appeared beat at the commencement. In the second meeting he fell from sheer weakness, but arose and went on till the call of time. The rest of the journey witnessed each in turn going weak, but still Williams kept his left dabbing in his opponent's dial, and at the conclusion the decision went to Fowler, though Williams had none the worst of it. Six Rounds Contest: Bill Pike beat Nat Keyser.—This proved the bout of the night, but Pike boxed with good judgment, and after the opening rounds took the lead and kept it till the end. Keyser made a fight of it right through, but tired in the latter part of the contest and Pike won. Six Rounds Contest: Ben Palmer beat Bill Lewis.—Lewis forced the exchanges and had a lot the best of it, sending his opponent all over the ring. During a hard rally in the next meeting Palmer got the right home and sent Lewis to sleep. Six Rounds Contest: Ernie Veitch beat Bill Eyles.—After the hard fighting of the previous bouts the spectators did not like to witness scientific boxing. The art of self-defence was exemplified from start to finish, but Veitch had the advantages of height, weight, and reach, and gained the award after boxing the six rounds. Six Rounds Contest: Charlie Exall and "Wag" Hampton.—This proved a repetition of the previous bout, and both hit, stopped, and got away in orthodox manner. Hampton forced the exchanges, and at the opening held the advantage; but at the end they could not be separated, and the verdict was a draw. Six Rounds Contest: Bill Shaw beat "Ginger" Osborne.—This pair of middle-weights boxed well, and though lighter than his rival, Shaw forced the pace from beginning to end. "Ginger" has done his work in Harry Hughes's booth, and knew every point of the business. Though Shaw kept using the right Osborne always managed to elude it and keep going. We thought Shaw had won, when another round was ordered, and, keeping up the attack, this time he gained the award. Six Rounds Contest: Jem Warner beat H. Abrams.—This bout needs little mention, as it was a racehorse against a donkey, and after sending his opponent down twice Warner ended the business. Jem Warner is likely to be heard of shortly in first-class company. Ten Rounds Contest: Bert Adams beat Tom Andy.—Adams took the lead at the start, but his rival went well, and during the next two rounds managed to draw level. The fifth round was well contested, and just before the call of time Andy was knocked out. Recuperated by the rest he went on, but half way through Adams finished the business with a right swing. Final bout, 8st 6lb Competition: Bill Stonelake beat Dick Parkes.—A massive gold and silver belt depended on this bout, as well as a considerable amount of cash. Before the first heats were decided 7 to 2 could be had about Parkes, while for the asking one could get fives about his rival. The competition was a brilliant one; and what better boxers at the weight could be found than "Sailor" Richardson, Johnny Thomas, Patsy Walsh, or Joe Barrett? As soon as the gong sounded Stonelake forced the work, and by his half-arm fighting took the lead. This he added to in the next round, though his attention was called away from his rival by the referee, who kept shouting, "Take the centre," and "Don't hold, Stonelake." Parkes began to draw level, and did so just before his rival saw an opportunity, and, sending the right home, won. The cheers that greeted winner, loser, and the promoters were loud enough to be heard outside.

## HARRY LEE'S SPECIAL.

**HARRY LEE IS ALWAYS TO THE** front as regards getting new halls for the Fancy, but on the last occasion met with a failure. After allowing the promoter to get the boxers, staff, arrange the seating accommodation, and put many adverts. in the sporting newspapers, the superior landlord refused to allow the boxing to go on. Thus Lee's cash account suffered considerably, and this was added to, because when the show was declared off the scrappers (who always have a bit on account) asked for payment for their trouble in going to Fleet Street. On entering the hall we noticed the father of the promoter and his wife in the pay-box. The lady is a sister of the captain of the late Royal Victor B.C. (George Josephs), who won any number of trophies, and was regarded as the best lad in the East-end. Time after time George was asked to enter for the championships, and had he done so lots of money would have been wagered on his chance. The other occupant of the box office fully understands the business, and for nearly fifteen years acted as assistant manager and cashier, &c., at the Standard Theatre, and anyone that gets the best of him will have to be extra smart. Besides drinks (and the waiters get those), there is a jellied eel department under the care of Old Monte, and at 3d, 6d, 9d, and 1s anyone can have a cup of these eatables, and the profit allows Monte to give a piece of bread without any extra charge. On every racecourse in England he sells these, and in the old days he attended all the knuckle fights in the country. To hear him talking of how Belasco, Woolff Cohen, Old Bendoff, "Dutch Sam," &c., fought in the days of old and compare them with the battles of to-day always passes a pleasant hour. He fully discusses the great battle for the championship between Tom Sayers (England) and J. C. Heenan (the "Benecia Boy," America). Though undoubtedly a battle to stand as a record for hard fighting, it is far removed from being the longest, as Jas. Kelly and Jonathan Smith fought for six hours and a quarter in 1855 in Australia, and next was the ever-to-be-remembered battle between Bill Hayes and Mike Madden, lasting six hours three minutes, and 185 rounds were contested. Wonderland early began to fill, and the staff of nearly 30 had plenty to do showing the visitors to their places, the first entries being for stage seats. As the time wore on (the doors were open at seven o'clock) the other portions of the premises were patronised, and, as Joe Smith said, there were over 1,000 outside coming in as fast as possible. The three and five-shilling seats were the first to fill, and the audience early began to move towards the Press table. The officials were: Referee, Joe Smith; timekeeper, Harry Wright; with Mr. R. Josephs, "Brummy" Meadows, and George Chapman judging. The first pair staged was Jack Guyons and "Toby" McKensie for an eight rounds contest. Guyons set a hot pace and tried for a knock-out, sending his man down in the opening round. Though "Toby" sought the floor three times in the second and twice in the third bout he kept going on. He recuperated by the rest and boxed well, and with Guyons going weak had none the worst of the round. At times it seemed as if he would send his rival to sleep and excitement ran high. They went at it to the bitter end, and despite a big effort on McKensie's part, and his opponent (who was always in front) gained the award. Ten Rounds Contest: Jack Mitchell and Harry Chamberlain.—Both were cautious to start with, but they soon warmed to their work, and Mitchell had slightly the best of it. Chamberlain exhibited a good defence, but his rival's forcing tactics took him further ahead. Like a good general, Chamberlain refused to let his rival get any distance away, and began to go. With Mitchell in the same humour, matters began to get lively, and Chamberlain drew level. The fifth round was a rattling good one, and Mitchell went down once, his opponent thus gaining first knock-down. Both tried all they knew, and when about three-quarters of a minute had to elapse Chamberlain, with a half-right jab, ended the battle. About 200 people had come from Stratford to see the winner gain the honours, and as, at the same time, the American jockey, McIntyre, came in, the applause can be imagined, but not described. Ten Rounds Contest: Jem Williams beat "Sailor" Richardson.—This proved a scientific but light start, and the boys whistled "Dear Old Pals." Williams was a lot the better man, but we have never seen "Sailor" box so bad, and the audience thought the same. The bout was stopped at the call of time in the third round, and after a caution allowed to continue. This had the desired effect and they had a fight, Williams being a lot the better man. It proved a very disappointing bout, and neither extended himself, and was undoubtedly the worst fight seen here. The award was Williams, amidst derisive laughter from the lookers on. The M.C. had to fulfil another engagement, and our representative, Mr. R. Josephs, undertook the office till his return. Ten Rounds Contest: "Jewey" Cooke and Walter Eyles.—The last-named looked like one of the old-fashioned fighters, and though he

towered over Cooke was a lot lighter than his rival. Cooke boxed better than he has done for a long time, and took the lead, and in the next round sent Walter down just as the gong rang. He had a lot the best of the bargain till the sixth round, when with a right jab Eyles sent him to the boards. He was clean out, and after hitting his foot on the floor and punching himself he got up, after being down 8sec. and clinched. Time soon after came to his relief, and they contested to the end. In the last bout Eyles, in jumping up as Cooke ducked, went on the Jew's shoulder and was thrown off. It was no intentional foul, and the claim was disallowed. The judges disagreed, and though Cooke was a long way in front, the referee declared it a draw. Six Rounds Contest: Owen Sweeney beat Jack Farley.—The latter was unwell and retired after the first round. Six Rounds Contest: Bill Fielder beat Joe Barratt.—A scientific battle from start to finish, and there was nothing in it when the award went to the heavier man (Fielder). Ten Rounds Contest: Jack Scales beat "Cloggy" Sanders.—The latter mentioned did not seem to know how to shape, and at once 20 to 1 was offered on Scales. After four punches were made one judge, after offering £100 to 1s, went off; but Scales was in no hurry, and waited till the next round, when, after sending his rival twice against the ropes, he ended the business.

**PROFESSOR NEWTON HAS RE**ceived the following interesting letter from the front. It is written by an old pupil—Buc'land.

Roodepoort, near Johannesburg,
December 8.

DEAR SIR,—Just a few lines, hoping this will find you in the best of health as it leaves me at present, though a bit broken up. I had rather rough time a few days ago, when I nearly was caught by thirty Boers. I was posted out two miles away from the rest of our chaps, whilst they destroyed a farmhouse. When they had finished their work and started to retire the Boers made a dash for me, and I started off to rejoin the rest of our chaps, and crossing a piece of ground I found a barbed wire fence in my way. It had been cut, but where I could not see. I dismounted and tried to break it down. Then the Boers started to pepper me. To make matters more lively, when making a terrific lunge with my foot at a post I made a slip and fell between two wires, and, with the barbs tickling me and bullets singing all round it was very uncomfortable indeed. I extricated myself, and, looking round, saw a large anthill, it was the landmark for where the wire was cut. I quickly mounted my horse, which luckily they had not been shooting at, and rode for the place where the wire was cut. By this time they were quite close, because some of them fire and the others keep coming on. I had just cleared through the fence when I felt such a smack under the shoulderblade, and I knew they had hit me at last. I soon caught up with our chaps and the Boers stopped. I found that the bullet which hit me had struck the cartridges in my bandolier, stopping it, and so it only bruised me. Later on in the day my horse put his feet in a hidden hole and came down with me underneath, ricking my back, so now I am out of action for a few days. I have dropped across a chap in the police who you know, an old member of the Middleton B.C. named Totten. I suppose you are very busy now. Hoping your new régime has met with success. I am afraid I shall not have the pleasure of seeing England before another three months, as the third round in the contest Briton v. Boer has only just begun, though the British public or the generality of them think it is over. We are twenty-six miles from Johannesburg, and are having a dust-up with them nearly every day. I must now conclude with my best respects to all, wishing you a bright and prosperous New Year.—Yours sincerely,

F. BUCKLAND
(No. 2 Troop Transvaal Constabulary).

**I. COHEN v. HAZLEGROVE AT** Stalybridge.—The tit-bit of last Tuesday week's sport at the Stalybridge Gym. was a twenty rounds contest between Ike Cohen (Manchester) and Alf Hazlegrove. The last-named was outclassed, and Cohen won the £80 (£25 a-side and £30 purse) in less than one round. On the same evening at Wonderland, London, Joe Jacobs offered to match Cohen against the winner of Harry Wright's championship belt (8st 6lb), and the promoter stated that he would give a substantial purse if the match was made.

**TEDDY WEEKS, WELL-KNOWN** in connection with time-keeping in boxing at the Central Hall, Holborn, and other shows, has been ill for three years, and his business as a coal merchant has, metaphorically, "gone to the dogs." Teddy was always ready to sport a bit of silver to any needy applicant. Now Teddy hopes that, having "cast his bread upon the waters," it will be returned to him "after many days."

**HARRY NORRIS, OF TOOTING,** hearing that "Jumbo" Smith and Harry Grant are matched, Norris will box the winner at 8st 10lb if any promoter will give a purse.

## BARNSBURY AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

(President, A. V. Mears, Esq.)

The above club wishes to inform old and new members that henceforth it will be conducted entirely on its own rules. It will also be run throughout the year, enabling members joining to have the full course of instruction of six months, dating from time of election.

Several First-Class Open and Club Competitions, also Challenge Cups at various weights, will take place during the season.

PRIVATE LESSONS DAILY
By their Instructor,
Prof. ANDREW J. NEWTON.
Seventh Season.
Practice Nights, Tuesday.

Several private gentlemen have intimated their intention of competing. Full particulars can be obtained of the Hon. Sec. H. B. WATSON, 38, Barnsbury Road, Islington, N.—[ADVT.]

## "HITTING BELOW THE BELT."

**A. J. NEWTON WRITES US FROM** the North London School of Arms and Physical Culture concerning the above:—

December 30, 1900.

TO the EDITOR of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

SIR,—I was delighted with your leader in your last edition concerning the above. In reference to which I may say various rumours regarding the withdrawal of boxers from competing at the G.G.S., December 15, I wish to state that it was not the value of the prize that was the cause of one of my representatives (a member of the North London School of Physical Culture) withdrawing from the feather-weights. The reason in his case was due to a slight accident he had received in a trial I had given him, and as the committee would not allow anyone in the dressing-room with him, which I considered necessary under the circumstances for him to do justice to himself and me, also to the spectators, I advised him to withdraw. I may say I wrote the Secretary of the G.G.S. offering my services as second, so that I should be able to look after my representative, as I had eight men who would have done justice to the entertainment at various weights, but the reply I received prevented my seconding my men, and the only privilege I had was to buy a ticket for a reserved seat, which I did, as I was anxious to see the entertainment in which I have been interested since I competed in 1837 in their annual meeting. Other first-class clubs usually send me an invite, namely, the Belsize, Mincing Lane, &c. I should be pleased if you will allow me to point out the disadvantage a novice is under in an open competition. First, his second knows nothing of his abilities and unknowingly often gives him bad advice. Second, he meets a man who has six or seven years' experience, with the man he desires to second him, in his corner. Also, personal friends judging, I can speak personally, how uncomfortable it is to be seconding a man who you don't know his form. It is only fair to the supporters of amateur boxers that the men should have their own seconds if they wish it, which would enable them to show their best form, which, I am sorry to say, only certain clubs have that privilege. But since I inserted an advertisement in your columns in March, 1899, which read as follows: Professor Andrew J. Newton—another grand success has been obtained by the above in the middle-weight open competition at the Belsize Boxing Club, Mr. T. W. Smith (the winner) being entirely taught, trained, and seconded by Professor A. J. Newton, &c.—I have not been allowed to second any of my men, although repeatedly offering my services, frequently at my pupil's expense. Several have boxed in competitions with this great disadvantage. At the Mincing Lane open competitions last season three of my men whom I had entered in two weights—viz., 11st 4lb and 10st—the result being two winners and a runner-up. In this instance I was allowed the favour of being in the dressing-room with them. On three occasions I have seen Mr. T. W. Smith go down in front of men who I should be pleased to see him meet in the ring on equal merits. I may point out how unsportsmanlike it is not to allow a competitor to have his attendants, as I am in a position to say that Mr. Young, who received a knock-out blow at the G.G.S., was a stranger, both to the audience and London. Fortunately, one of my old pupils, who has been through it himself, took care of him. If a man is neglected when in this condition it may seriously affect him.—Trusting you will insert this, I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

PROFESSOR A. J. NEWTON.

**SPORT AT THE DRILL HALL,** Brighton. — Brighton has long been a favourite training ground for boxers, but evidently, to judge by Saturday's show, the sport is taking on with the inhabitants almost as well as in London. Bill Barry (ex-champion oarsman) promoted a special entertainment at the Drill Hall and had the satisfaction of having a crowded house. Frank Craig (the "Coffee Cooler") is a tectotaler, but finds drinking pay, as he has become mine host of the Three Tuns, and we wonder if there are any sandwiches about. The following went well in exhibition bouts:—Ben Jordan and Harry Ware, S. Elliot and E. Griggs, Bros. Pickard (wrestling and boxing experts), and Frank Craig in place of the sailor champion Jerry Driscoll, took on Mr. F. Wilkins. Eight Rounds Contest: Johnny Hughes (Bloomsbury) beat Tom Mallett.—Bantams are stock performers at London halls, and contest as many times in a week as purses are put up, but nearly always fight enough to please the audience. This bout did, and when Hughes won, winner and loser alike received their due reward in the shape of cheering. Eight Rounds Contest: Harry Paul beat H. Hughes (Bloomsbury).—The latter took the place of Johnny Thomas, but had no possible chance of winning when the bout was stopped in the sixth round. Special Ten Rounds Contest: Harry Searle and George Housego.—This was for the championship of the cab trade, and as soon as time was called rushed at each other and had a fight. Every round was only a repetition, and at the close the referee pleased everybody by saying "a draw."

**HENRY GRIFFITHS, OF PORT TAL**bot, to "Talley" Jenkins, of Pontypridd, or "Darkey" Thomas, of Neath.—Griffiths will box either of the above the best of ten or twenty rounds at 8st 2lb, give or take 2lb, for £5 or £10 a-side. Failing the above, anyone in South Wales can be accommodated on the same terms. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will lead to business.

**BOB HARTNOLL, BEING DISSATIS**fied with the result, will box Joe Johnson, of Chiswick, ten or fifteen rounds for the purse offered by the gentleman. B. H. will also have a small side bet. An early answer will oblige. Hartnoll will box any 9st 6lb bonâ fide novice ten or fifteen rounds for the best purse.

**TOM DIXON IS SORRY HE HAD TO** disappoint Harry Williams, but it was owing to a fractured thumb. Any communications to 2, Townshead Yard, Union Street, Borough, will be attended to.

## "KID" McFADDEN DEFEATS CASPER LEON.

(Special Report.)

**AT MEMPHIS, TENN., AFTER ONE** of the gamest exhibitions ever witnessed in a Memphis prize ring, "Kid" McFadden, of San Francisco, was given the decision over Casper Leon, of New York, at the end of twenty rounds of fierce fighting before the Phœnix A.C. Malachy Hogan, of Chicago, acted as referee. The betting was at evens, and considerable money changed hands. Referee Hogan said he gave the decision to McFadden for the reason that he did the most leading in the last few rounds of the contest. Both men entered the ring in the pink of condition. McFadden had a slight advantage in weight, while Leon had height in his favour. McFadden promptly took the aggressive, forcing Leon around the ring, but landing few effective blows, while the New York man worked slower and more effectively. It was give and take, with hardly a shade of advantage either way up to the fifteenth round, when McFadden's youth and strength began to tell. Leon was forced to take the count twice in this round, but fought gamely and came up for the sixteenth strong again. McFadden fought savagely for a knockout in each succeeding round, but Leon's staying qualities and ring generalship enabled him to make almost as strong a showing in the final round as he did in the initial one. McFadden's aggressive tactics, however, gained him the decision in one of the prettiest exhibitions ever seen here.

**THE CASE OF JEM HALL, THE** Australian pugilist, who is suffering from an affection of the lungs, which, it is said, must result fatally, is not uncommon in the fistic fraternity. Coburn, Dwyer, Killen, Dempsey, and others had the same malady. Overtraining and dissipation are generally ascribed as the chief causes for the wind-up of a boxer's career. An athlete in condition is peculiarly liable to colds, which if neglected or enhanced by a spree are the parents of consumption. The lungs of a pugilist may be well developed by the great amount of running he may have to do in training, but they are not strengthened against the attacks of the disease. The reaction from work, too, makes the system weak and an easy mark for various complaints.

**A GRAND ASSAULT-AT-ARMS WILL** take place at the Pavilion of Varieties, Askew Road, Shepherd's Bush, on Thursday, January 10. There will be four eight rounds contests, also an open 9st 6lb competition for a massive marble clock, silver watch for the runner-up; exhibition boxing by all the champions; grand wind-up between Jack Scales and Jerry Driscoll. The whole under the management of Jem Morris. M.C., Mr. Harry Freeman; referee, Mr. Ted Layton; timekeeper, Mr. J. Ing; seconds, Jack Gleeson and Alf Goodson. A few more entries for the 9st 6lb competition required. Address, 26, Boundary Road, Fulham.

**AT WONDERLAND ON MONDAY** Harry Wright offered a purse of £100 for "Jewey" Cooke (Bloomsbury) and Ed. Fitzgerald (Australia) to contest for, providing they have a side stake of £100 a-side on the result. At the same time Jem Williams challenged "Pedlar" Palmer and Harry Ware for £200 a-side. Answers to both through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will receive immediate attention.

**AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB** boxing will be resumed on Thursday, January 10, with the competition for novices at 8st 4lb. All Monday shows will start at 8.30 p.m. and conclude at 11.15 p.m.

**JACK BIRD, EX-PED. AND BOXER,** of the George and Dragon, Theobald's Road, gives, for the third year, his usual Christmas feast to 300 children.

**H. CUMMINGS, OF DEPTFORD,** would like to box Jack Cooper, of Greenwich, six rounds if the Rotherhithe Trinity or any other amateur club will give a prize.

**HARRY JACOBS, OF WONDERLAND,** is open to match Ike Cohen, of Manchester, against Tom King, of Aldgate, for £50, open to £100 a-side. An answer accompanied by a deposit will be immediately attended to, as business only is meant.

**YOUNG "TIPPLER" GREY, OF SHEF**field, will box "Dido" Vardy, of Newcastle, at 7st 2lb, give or take 2lb, for £15 or £25 a-side and best purse offered. Failing Vardy, anyone in England can have a match on same terms. Early answer will oblige. Failing a match with Vardy, "Tippler" Grey will box Joe Williams at 7st 4lb if any club will give a purse worth training for.

**TO BOXING BOOTH PROPRIETORS.** —Jack Stewart, of Grimsby, late of Glasgow, would like to hear from some boxing booth proprietor who has a vacancy for a middle-weight. Stewart's weight is 11st 10lb all on. Jack Stewart, c/o Mr. Flynn, Malt Shovel Inn, Upper Head Row, Leeds, Yorkshire.

## TERRY McGOVERN REFUSES TO FIGHT BEN JORDAN.

**IN RELATION TO THE ABOVE MATCH** we have just received the following cablegram from the American representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE and National Sporting Club in America:—

NEW YORK, January 7, 1901.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE, *London.*

*Tell Bettinson that McGovern's manager, Sam Harris, refuses to allow Terry to sign articles for the contest with Jordan. Have sent you letter with full particulars.*

FLORDWAY.

**JACK McAULIFFE'S ASSAULT-AT**-Arms in Central India.—A good night's entertainment, illustrative of the noble art of self-defence, was given at the regimental theatre of the 20th Hussars, Mhow, by Jack McAuliffe and Mr. J. G. Dent, who are touring throughout India, and was kindly patronised by Major-General Sir R. Westmacott, K.C.B., D.S.O., Major Whatman, and other officers of the station, and also by his Highness Prince of Gowra, Central India. The theatre was crowded, and J. McAuliffe received a good reception. The first item on the programme was an exhibition of American axe-swinging by Jack McAuliffe, which was executed in grand style. The following events constituted the remaining portion of the evening programme:—Four Rounds Exhibition by Bombardier R. Green, "C" Battery, R.H.A., v. Gunner Harrey, "C" Battery, R.H.A.—This was a very fast and satisfactory bout, both being evenly matched. Three Rounds Exhibition by Private Bennett, 20th Hussars, v. Jack McAuliffe.—This was a good go, the latter, however, knowing too much of the ring. Four Rounds Exhibition by Private Egland, 18th R.I., v. Bandsman Ryan, 18th R.I.—These men were evenly matched. Four Rounds Exhibition by Sergeant Henry, Connaught Rangers, v. Corporal Vone, 18th R.I.—This was a fast go, the former being a much stronger man than his adversary. Four Rounds Exhibition by Bandsman Simmonds, 18th R.I. v. Jack McAuliffe.—This was a very fast bout, the latter, knowing too much, caused the former to retire from the ring during the first round. An exhibition of torchlight swinging by Jack McAuliffe. Four Rounds Exhibition by Jack McAuliffe v. Trumpet-Major Maloy, 20th Hussars.—This was a good display, McAuliffe proving himself up to all the dodges of the ringcraft. Three Rounds Exhibition by Drummer Jackson, 18th R.I., v. Bandsman Olifer.—This being their first time on the stage, both made a very good shape, the former being stronger than his opponent. A grand wind-up by Jack McAuliffe v. Sergeant Henry.—This was the tit-bit of the evening. The arrangements were made by Mr. J. G. Dent, the manager.

**AN OFFER TO BONA FIDE AMATEUR** Boxers.—The Barnsbury Boxing Club has received through Professor Andrew J. Newton the sum of £20, which has been given him by private gentlemen, in order to uphold the present position this club has earned through the efforts of its own members as novices. Also several prizes, which will be given for open competitions, including challenge cups at different weights, which are to be seen at headquarters, 55, Barnsbury Road, N. All bonâ fide amateur boxers are invited to compete. No one barred. Dates of competitions and weights will be duly advertised in these columns. Further particulars can be obtained of the hon. sec., H. B. Watson.

**MORE BOXERS FOR PROFESSOR** Atkinson.—W. J. Lynch, who recently won a competition at the N.S.C., called upon us on Monday for a note to Professor Atkinson, of 4, Park Lane. Lynch—who, by-the-bye, works in Billingsgate Market—had the knuckles of both hands sadly disorganised, some of them being out of place. If boxers would only turn their wrists and hit with their knuckles many of them would never require a bonesetter.

**H. PRESSEY WISHES TO REMIND** D. Ashton that he is still open to box him at 9st for the best purse and as large a side stake as he likes, but if a purse is not forthcoming will box him for side stake alone. This is also open to any lad in Hampshire.

**I, JACK OWEN, OF ABERAMAN,** will box Lewis Edmonds, of Treharris, fifteen or twenty rounds for a side stake from £15 to £25 a-side. Early answer in this paper will lead to business, or will meet any of Edmonds' backers by appointment to arrange a match.

**STOKER J. DORNEY, OF H.M.S** Severn, would be very pleased to box Harry Wallace, of the same ship, any number of rounds if Mr. J. T. Hulls will give a suitable purse worth boxing for. An early answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will kindly oblige.

**J. RIPPER IS WILLING TO MEET** T. Lidstone at catch-weight for £10 to £20 a-side if any gentleman in Plymouth will give a purse.

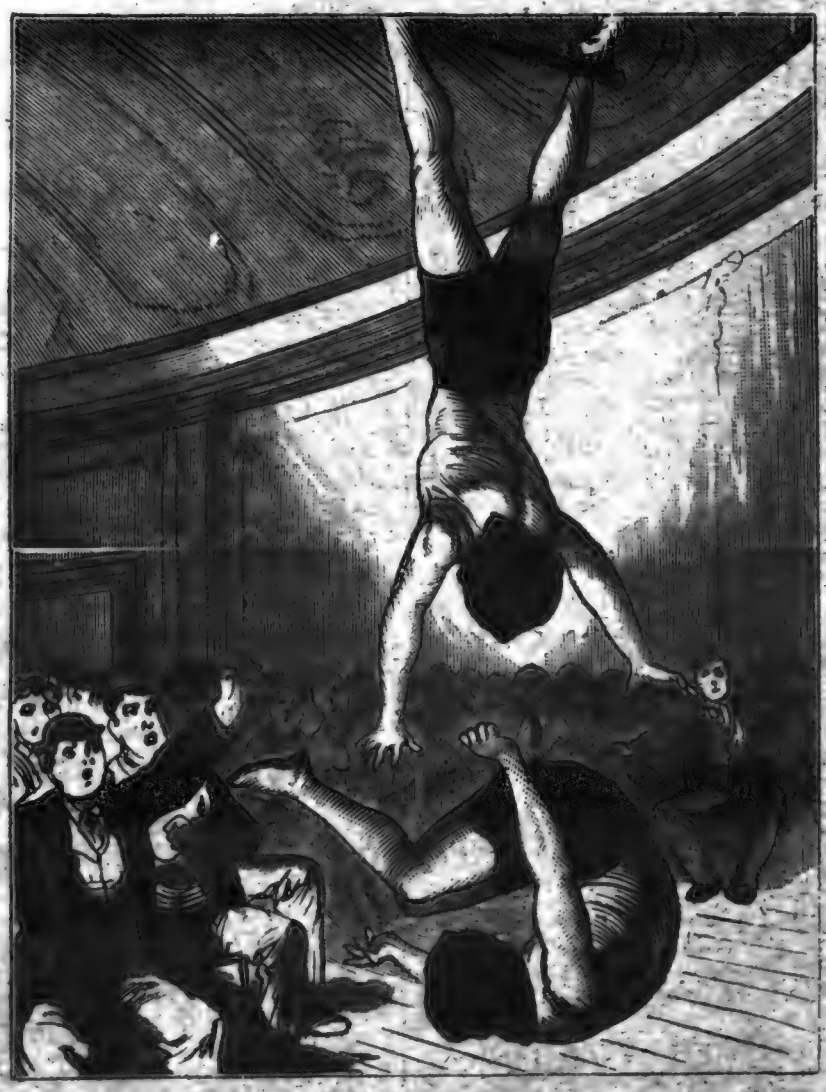
(*Continued on page* 14.)

**JOE WALCOTT,**

"The Black Demon," Who Recently Knocked Out Bill Hanrahan in 12 Rounds, at Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

**BILL HANRAHAN,**

Sam Fitzpatrick's Protege, Who was Knocked Out in 12 Rounds by Joe Walcott, "The Black Demon," at Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

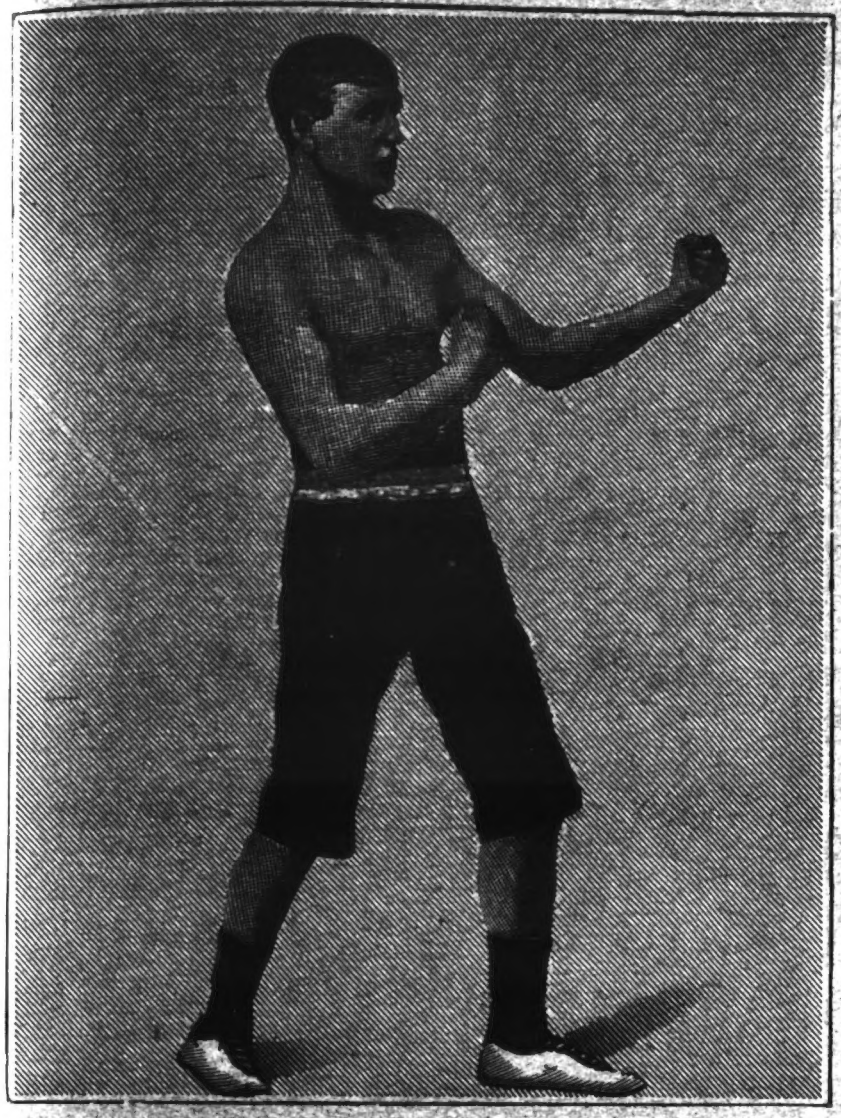


**BLINDFOLDED FEAT LEADS TO AN ACCIDENT.**

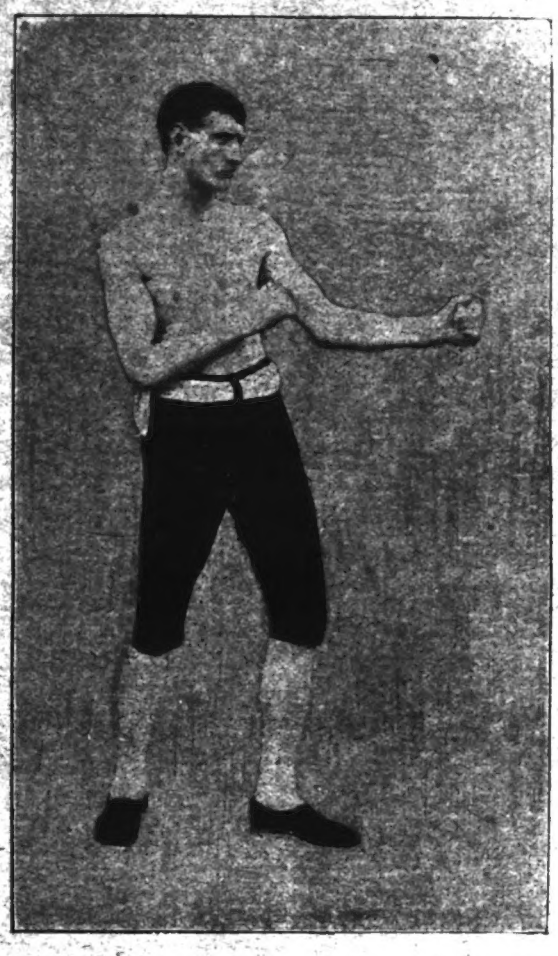
Fatal Fall of a Young Gymnast.

**NOT SO PERILOUS AS IT APPEARED.**

The Word "Powder" on the Cask Frightened the People Away.



"JEWEY" COOKE,
Of Bloomsbury, Who Met Walter Eyles, at Wonderland, on Monday Evening, January 7th.



WALTER EYLES,
Who Met "Jewey" Cooke, of Bloomsbury, at Wonderland, on Monday Evening, January 7th.

GAVE THE SHOP ASSISTANT FIVE MINUTES TO APOLOGISE,
Which was Promptly Rendered at the Pistol Point.

(Continued from page 11.)

## PRIVATE ALLUM AT THE FRONT.

**WE HAVE RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING** letter from Private Allum, who it may be remembered won the gold medal at the German Gym., and whose merit as an amateur was so pronounced that we always looked upon Allum as a disguised pro :—

E Company, 2nd 7th Royal Fusiliers, Field Force, South Africa, Nov. 28, 1900
To the EDITOR of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir,—This is about the first chance I have had of writing to you since April last. I am glad you published my last letter and many thanks for the same, hoping you will find a small space for this also. Since then a great deal has been done to bring this war to a successful termination, which, I am glad to say, is on its last legs now. My brigade has done a fair share to accomplish this, as I daresay you will be fully aware from the accounts that have appeared in the London Press. As I informed you in my last we were (the brigade) chosen to go to the relief of our comrades besieged in Mafeking. We left Dronfield on May 1, and crossed the Vaal River at Windsorton on the afternoon of the 3rd and pushed on until we came in touch with the enemy on the morning of the 5th, when our cavalry informed us that they were entrenched in considerable strength at a place called Rooidam. They resisted our advance with a heavy shell fire, but when once our guns got into position they soon silenced theirs. After a few hours' shelling Sir A. Hunter gave the order for a general assault, which we were not long in putting into effect. The result of this victory was the immediate relief of Mafeking. We again pushed on next morning to Fourteen Streams, where the enemy had long been in strong force, but finding that they were getting outflanked they deemed it advisable to scoot. The river here is very wide, and a magnificent bridge of considerable size was destroyed by a gentleman well known to you, a person called Jem Holloway, who then held the position of adjutant in the Boer army, but who afterwards was captured by us, and is now a prisoner of war. Leaving Fourteen Streams we pushed on to Christiana, and were the first brigade to hoist the Union Jack on Transvaal soil. After this we proceeded on our journey to Mafeking by way of Taungs and Vryburg. At the latter place we received the joyful news that Colonel Mahon's mounted brigade had accomplished the task of relieving Baden-Powell and his gallant troops. We lo t no time, but immediately set off to conquer that part of the country known as the western border. We marched and captured on our journey eight towns—viz., Lichtenburg, Fredrickstaad, Ventersdorp, Krugersdorp, Potchefstroom, Klerksdorp, Rutland, and Kraalpan. We also accomplished a unique record only held by this brigade, having marched 278 miles in 265 hours, making a total up to June 30 of 875 miles on quarter and half rations. The brigade was now broken up, the Scotch and Welsh Fusiliers remaining at Krugersdorp, w he e they have several times been engaged with success against the celebrated De Wet. The Royal Fusiliers and Irish Fusiliers were ordered to Pretoria to join Lord Roberts's force on July 1. Our stay here was of very short duration, as we were at once ordered to accompany General Hutton's mounted infantry to Rietfontein, where we had four days' fighting with Erazmus's Commando. We were then suddenly ordered back again, as our services were urgently required owing to a disaster having occurred to the Lincolns and Scots Greys at Nitral's Nek. We remained here for a short while, when we were posted to Ian Hamilton's division and accompanied Lord Roberts in his advance to Balmoral, driving Botha's main army in front of us the whole way. On July 25 we arrived at the latter place, where we encountered a greater enemy than the Boers had ever proved themselves—wind, rain, thunder, and lightning—the like of which I have never before experienced and never wish to do so again. The transport being very large, and darkness having set in, they were unable to get up to the main column, so we had to make the best of a bad job, and remain through it all in just what we stood up in—a suit of khaki. The next morning disclosed the havoc that had been wrought, one officer and two men belonging to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders having died from exposure, besides over a thousand mules and oxen. We remained here all next day, when the order was given to proceed once more back to Pretoria. We arrived at a place called Pienoors Poort, a few miles just outside of the capital, on the 30th, where we had a rest of nearly three weeks, when we were ordered on to the lines of communication at Bronkhorst Spruit, where we now are. We established our headquarters here, and find detachments at Shiedpoort and Wilge River. The Boers are pretty numerous here, and have made several attempts to destroy our lines, but all to no avail, as we hold a good position and are acting purely on the defensive. I think I have exhausted all the news for this time, only I hope to be home in time so as to be able to compete for the amateur championship in April next, to try and get more honours for the Kensington B C.

Hoping you and the staff are enjoying good health, as I have no reason to complain on that score myself,—Believe me, I remain sincerely yours,

C. ALLUM
(Winner of the German Gym. light-weights, 1898).

**BOXING IN SOUTH WALES.—SOME** time since we were informed that Welsh boxing promoters, disgusted with being moved on like Poor Jo, by order of the Welsh "beaks," were about to build a hall devoted to boxing. Apparently they have not built the hall yet, for Whelan, of Hull, and Driscoll, of Cardiff, fought a ten rounds contest on Friday last near Cardiff, for a purse of gold. Although the rendezvous was not generally known, a large number of supporters of both men were present. The referee gave the result as a draw.

**BEN TAYLOR, OF LIVERPOOL, AND** Young Morris are matched to box the best of twelve rounds for a purse given by Professor Vaughan on January 22, at the Duke Boxing Club.

**JAMES GORDON, IN REPLY TO** Jas. or White ("the Black"), will box him for £25, twenty rounds, with 4oz gloves, and the purse offered by Jack Haggerty at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne; or if White cannot find a stake, he will fight him for the purse. An answer will oblige.

## BOXING AT NEWCASTLE.

**CROWDED ATTENDANCES AT EN**tertainments in the North after the Christmas and New Year's holidays are generally not expected, but there was a good gathering of the cognoscenti at Mr. James Lowes's Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, on Saturday evening, and those present heartily showed their enjoyment of the sport they were provided with. The opening bouts were between those very clever midgets, W. Brown and J. Teesdale, and their excellence was fully rewarded by the plaudits bestowed upon them. The next pair were J. Currie, of Carlisle, and J. Charlton, of Ryton, who although not adepts at the fistic game, greatly amused the onlookers by their attempts at knocking out. George Cummings, of Newcastle, and S. Johnson, of Gateshead, were a pair who showed no laxity of energy and skill, and the end of their bouts saw them receive warm-hearted encomiums. If this remark applies to them, then surely it does to R. Wilkinson, of Jarrow, and Jack Dunn, of Newcastle, whose hard hitting and ability were thoroughly enjoyed. The match of the evening should have been one of ten rounds between "Darkey" Carpenter, of Newcastle, and Jem Richardson's novice, of Bensham; but Mr. Lowes introduced the latter, and explained that he was unable to box owing to having received an injury to his right hand, which had been caught in machinery at his employment, but he would be able to meet Carpenter in about three weeks' time. The spectators, however, were not disappointed, for Jack Tait stepped into the breach, and contested the best of half a dozen rounds with Carpenter. In the first round Carpenter, after some sparring, led off, and had a little the best of the inaugural exchanges, having, in fact, the best of it for half the round, when Tait asserted himself, and scored repeatedly, but there was little to choose between the pair when corners were taken. In the second round Tait was the chief aggressor, and scored repeatedly, as he did until the end of the sixth, and gained a somewhat comfortable verdict. It must not be said, however, that he had all his own way, for at times Carpenter played the game well, and deserves credit. Tait was seconded by "Dido" Vardy and S. Johnson, and the loser by P. Hewitt, G. Cummings, and R. Wilkinson. Sam Francis was referee, and Mr. Lunby timekeeper. For next Saturday H. Aleck, of Santa Cruz, and J. Pringle, of Jarrow, are matched, and there will also be another contest.

**THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION**ship of Australia.—The light-weight boxing championship of Australia was decided at the Democratic Club, when "Tim" Hegarty and "Jack" McGowan met in a twenty-five rounds contest. Great interest hinged on the fight, for the men had met on no fewer than five previous occasions, three having been drawn and two won by Hegarty, who had never yet been beaten. McGowan's recent improved form impelled many to believe, however, that he would defeat Hegarty, and the club was crowded in every part. Mr. George Seale, of Sydney, acted as referee. The fight proved a disappointing one. Both men appeared too anxious, and few heavy hits were scored until fifteen rounds had been fought. Hegarty, however, scored frequently in the early part of the fight, and forced the fighting until about the eighteenth round, when McGowan assumed the aggressive. Both men fought in the most bitterly antagonistic spirit, and the referee had great difficulty in separating them during clinches at this stage. Honours were equal in the twentieth and twenty-first round; then McGowan prevailed, and landed several heavy blows on his antagonist, until a swing on the jaw knocked him down in the twenty-third round. He rose immediately, and the men fought equally until, in breaking from a clinch in the twenty-fifth and last round of the fight, McGowan struck Hegarty in the face. The referee immediately stopped the contest, and awarded the fight to Hegarty on a foul. Mr. Seale also announced that Hegarty was far ahead on the points, and, failing a knock-out by McGowan in the minute that was left to fight, must have gained the verdict had the contest been fought out.

**JACK STEWART, OF GRIMSBY, TO** Tommy Roberts, of Wakefield.—Hearing of the boxing abilities of Roberts, Stewart would like to box him the best of twenty three-minute rounds at catch-weight, for the best purse offered, with 4oz gloves, and will guarantee a side bet at the ring-side. An answer through this paper will lead to business, as Stewart only means business.

**HARRY WRIGHT IS WILLING TO** back "Jewey" Cooke against anybody in England at 10st 2lb for £100 a-side. An answer will lead to business.

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## BOXING AT DEPTFORD.

**SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE LEC**ture Hall, Deptford.—Do the sports of Deptford dislike boxing is a question that is now asked in that and other localities, and the answer is not given. But it remains a fact that it does not pay to promote an entertainment here, as the patronage it gets is very scanty. A few years ago the noble art was upon the up grade in the vicinity, and the ball kept rolling at the Raglan, Bill Lee's Gym, Lambeth School of Arms, Ted Hollier's Gym, Glengall Gym, South Bermondsey Club, New Cross Hall, and numerous others. Besides the above many amateur institutions abounded, and produced good and efficient boxers who carried off many trophies. Where are all these resorts now is often asked, and old timers speak of the glories in the past. The Lambeth School of Arms and the Raglan are now matters of the past, Bill Lee's Gym has disappeared from view, while during the winter not a word has been heard of Hollier's at Peckham. Many of the amateur clubs are sleeping, and we hope that before very long they will arise and, as in the past, provide fistic carnivals for their members' amusement. The resorts not quoted are still in the running, and though they keep going, are not patronised as they deserve to be. How the noble art was boomed on the Surrey side (when George Winters was successful over Nunc Wallace at the Central Hall, Holborn) can be remembered by the inhabitants, and how the Raglan Music Hall was brought into a prominent position as a resort of the fancy. Then Arthur Valentine (Lambeth) was at his best, and among those that saw it who will forget his bout with Jim Burge, of Australia (the cast-iron man). In those days, only a few years ago, boxing was thought to be the best and only athletic exercise that Britons should have, and in the south of London (Lambeth, Camberwell, Bermondsey, Deptford, New Cross, Vauxhall, Rotherhithe, Peckham, &c.), the art of self-defence was taught by many professors. Now, though the sport is going great guns everywhere, the art is not patronised as it should be, and in spite of all of Harry Westbrook's endeavours it scarcely pays its way. Why does not every boxer that is advertised turn up to his turn, and allow the promoter to place the true bill of fare before the public? Nine times out of ten it is this that causes the public to keep away, and very often the remarks have been, what is the use of going as half will not turn up and all the others not meet as advertised. A poor house was only to be seen last Saturday, when the first pair of boxers entered the arena, the officials being: Referee, Mr. G. Chapman; Jack Farley and Harry Williams, judges; Harry Tomlins, timekeeper; and Jack Powell M.C., with Patsy Roche and Albert Littlefield attending to the competitors. Six Rounds Contest: Tom Griffin beat J. Wayman.—The last-named tried outing dues from the moment they stood up, but Griffin kept scoring all the time. The succeeding rounds were similar, though the latter part of the journey found Wayman very weak. Try as he could the last-named could not draw level, and Griffin won. Albert and Harry Littlefield delighted the spectators with a trio of rounds, scientific boxing being the chief feature. Two youngsters, called the London Midgets (sons of the well-known Pat), were honoured by a recall. Eight Rounds Contest: Jack Noble beat Jack Streat.—Noble, at the call of time, planted the left on the dial, but his rival replied with both hands, and an interesting set-to resulted. Each bout was greeted by the assembly with the amount of merit it deserved (rounds of applause), and after contesting the full limit the judges decided in favour of Noble. 10st 6lb Competition: The trophy at issue was the cup given by Alf. Snelling for the Boxing Day Carnival, and as this was abandoned he gave the prize for this. G. Sullivan beat J. Crawley, J. Woods beat J. Holmes. 9st 6lb Competition: The trophy for this was given by Mr. C. Brown, and the facts were the same as the other competition. J. Taper beat G. Martin, "Mike" Crawley beat H. Partridge, J. Harper a bye with Walter Waller. Second Series: Harper beat Crawley.—The last-named was the favourite, and this time the boys got full value for their money, as, though not as clever as Crawley, Harper had a fight throughout and worrying his rival throughout won easily. J. Taper a bye. Owing to the late hour the finals were postponed.

**JACK ALLEN, OF SPITALFIELDS,** would like to box Joe Wyett, of Romford, six or eight rounds at 7st or 8st 6lb for the championship of Romford, for Mr. West's, of the Rabbits, Ilford, purse. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will oblige.

**BILL HEWETT, OF CLARE MARKET,** and George Whitmill, of Bloomsbury, have agreed to box six rounds, and they would like to hear from any promotor concerning a purse.

**DEATH OF TOM PALMER, OF BIR**mingham.—Old Tom Palmer, as he was familiarly styled, died on Sunday afternoon at his home in Birmingham. During an active life Palmer took a great interest in almost every branch of sport. In the old days, when cock fighting, the rat pit, and the prize ring flourished, he was always there or thereabouts when a match was on, while later he followed boxing and pedestrianism, being a keen judge of a pugilist. Palmer has been in bad health for a long time, and the end was expected, but his death has caused a gap in Midland sporting circles. The funeral will take place at Witton on Saturday next.

**FROM THE FRONT.—SEEING THAT** Driver Tullett, of the A. S. Corps, styles himself the Modder River champion, I wish to contradict him on that. I, Private Causey, of the A. S. Highlanders, beat and got the verdict over Driver Tullett in the final, thereby winning Lord Methuen's silver cup and purse. I was seconded by Private Blackhurst, of my regiment, who was beaten by Corporal Kempster, of the Northampton Regiment, for the light-weight army championship. Hoping you will find space in your valuable paper.

**MIKE BOULDING, OF BARNSLEY,** will box any lad in the North of England at 8st up to 8st 4lb if any boxing promoter will give a suitable purse.

## ENGLISH YACHTS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

**Owner's Wife Steering at the Wheel.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

THOSE who can afford to leave the winter behind them in England and hasten to the sunny South are lucky. Just when we in London are inhaling the fog and smoke, others more fortunate are sailing their costly yachts in the blue waters of the Mediterranean and enjoying the bright sunshine at Nice, on the bay of Naples, when the yachts with their white wings can be steered by the guiding hand of a lady.

## WALTER EYLES,

**Who Met "Jewey" Cooke, of Bloomsbury, at Wonderland, on Monday Evening, January 7.**

*(With Portrait.)*

WALTER EYLES'S record has previously been given in these columns. One of his last fights was with one Tom Broderick, who, trading on his namesake's prowess, (a thorough good 'un, of Yonkers, N.Y.), was matched with Eyles, who had no trouble in making the fake Broderick quit in one round. Draw with "Jewey" Cooke, 10rds.

## PRIVATE HOLTON (WILLIE HOLT),

**A Well-known Boxer Now Serving at the Front.**

*(With Portrait.)*

WILLIE HOLT was a well-known boxer in the N.W. or Hampstead district of London, and also well known at that famous tavern, the Bull and Bush, Hampstead. Some twelve months or more ago Willie Holt enlisted as Private Holton and has seen much service in South Africa, besides winning many boxing competitions.

## ABEL RICHARDS.

**Winner of the Mouth Organ Championship of Wales.**

*(With Portrait.)*

ABEL RICHARDS, of Treeynon, Aberdare, at Pontypridd, on November 23, 1900, defeated Egerton Lewis, of Llanilleth, Crumlin, for the mouth organ championship of Wales, and is prepared to defend the title against any man in Wales.


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Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
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Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
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